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THE
DUKE
OF
GUISE,
A
TRAGEDY.

Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL,
By His MAJESTIES Servants.

Written by
Mr. LEE and Mr. DRYDEN.

Οὕτως δὲ φιλόπιοι φύτεις ἐν ταῖς πολιτείαις τὸ ἀγαν
μὴ φυλαξάμεναι, τὸ ἀγαθὸν μᾶλλον τὸ κακὸν ἔχεισι.
Plutarch in Agésilao.

L O N D O N;

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and F. CLAY, in Trust for B. WELLINGTON.

MDCCXXXIV.



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To the Right Honourable

L A U R E N C E,

E A R L of Rochester, &c.

MY LORD

THE Authors of this Poem present it humbly to your Lordship's Patronage, if you shall think it worthy of that Honour. It has already been a Confessor, and was almost made a Martyr for the Royal Cause. But having stood two Tryals from its Enemies, one before it was acted, another in the Representation, and having been in both acquitted, 'tis now to stand the publick Censure in the Reading: Where since, of necessity, it must have the same Enemies, we hope it may also find the same Friends; and therein we are secure not only of the greater number, but of the more honest and loyal Party. We only expected bare Justice in the Permission to have it acted; and that w

had, after a severe and long Examination, from an upright and knowing Judge, who having heard both Sides, and examin'd the Merits of the Cause in a strict Perusal of the Play, gave Sentence for us, that it was neither a Libel, nor a Parallel of particular Persons. In the Representation itself, it was persecuted by so notorious Malice by one side, that it procur'd us the Partiality of the other; so that the Favour more than recompenced the Prejudice: And 'tis happier to have been sav'd (if so we were) by the Indulgence of our good and faithful Fellow-Subjects, than by our own Deserts; because thereby the Weakness of the Faction is discovered, which in us, at that time, attack'd the Government; and stood combin'd, like the Members of the rebellious League, against the lawful Sovereign Authority. To what Topick will they have recourse, when they are manifestly beaten from their chief Post, which has always been Popularity, and Majority of Voices? They will tell us, That the Voices of a People are not to be gathered in a Playhouse; and yet even there, the Enemies as well as Friends have free Admission: but while our Argument was serviceable to their Interests, they could boast that the Theatres were true Protestant, and came insulting to the Plays, where their own Triumphs were represented. But let them now assure themselves, that they can make the major Part of no Assembly, except it be a Meeting-House. Their Tide of Popularity is spent, and the natural Current of Obedience is, in spite of them, at last prevalent. In which, *My Lord*, after the merciful Providence of God, the unshaken Resolution, and prudent Carriage of the King, and the inviolable Duty, and manifest Innocence of his Royal Highness, the prudent Management of the Ministers is also most conspicuous. I am not particular in this Commendation, because I am unwilling

D E D I C A T I O N. vii

willing to raise Envy to your Lordship, who are too just not to desire that Praise shou'd be communicated to others, which was the common Endeavour and Co-operation of all. 'Tis enough, *my Lord*, that your own Part was neither obscure in it, nor hazardous: And if ever this excellent Government, so well establish'd by the Wisdom of our Forefathers, and so much shaken by the Folly of this Age, shall recover its ancient Splendor, Posterity cannot be so ungrateful, as to forget those, who in the worst of Times have stood undaunted by their King and Country, and for the Safeguard of both, have expos'd themselves to the Malice of false Patriots, and the Madness of an headstrong Rabble. But since this glorious Work is yet unfinish'd, and tho' we have Reason to hope well of the Success, yet the Event depends on the unsearchable Providence of Almighty God; 'tis no Time to raise Trophies, while the Victory is in dispute: But every Man, by your Example, to contribute what is in his Power, to maintain so just a Cause, on which depends the future Settlement and Prosperity of three Nations. The Pilot's Prayer to Neptune was not amiss, in the middle of the Storm: *Thou mayst do with me, O Neptune, what thou pleasest, but I will be sure to hold fast the Rudder.* We are to trust firmly in the Deity, but so as not to forget, that he commonly works by second Causes, and admits of our Endeavour with his Concurrence. For our own parts, we are sensible, as we ought, how little we can contribute with our weak Assistance. The most we can boast of, is, that we are not so inconsiderable as to want Enemies, whom we have raised to ourselves on no other account, than that we are not of their number: And since that's their Quarrel, they shall have daily occasion to hate us more

viii DEDICATION.

'Tis not, my Lord, that any Man delights to see himself pasquin'd and affronted by their inveterate Scriblers; but on the other side, it ought to be our Glory, that themselves believe not of us what they write. Reasonable Men are well satisfied for whose sakes the Venom of their Party is shed on us, because they see that at the same time our Adversaries spare not those to whom they owe Allegiance and Veneration. Their Despair has push'd them to break those Bonds; and 'tis observable, that the lower they are driven, the more violently they write: As *Lucifer* and his Companions were only proud when Angels, but grew malicious when Devils. Let them rail, since 'tis the only Solace of their Miseries, and the only Revenge, which, we hope, they now can take. The greatest and the best of Men are above their reach; and for our Meanness, tho' they assault us like Footpadders in the dark, their Blows have done us little harm; we yet live, to justify ourselves in open day, to vindicate our Loyalty to the Government, and to assure your Lordship, with all Submission and Sincerity, that we are

Your Lordship's

Most obedient, faithful Servants,

John Dryden, Nat. Lee.

P R O-



PROLOGUE,

Written by Mr. Dryden. Spoken by
Mr. Smith.

OUR Play's a Parallel: The holy League
Begot our Cov'nant; Guisards got the Whig:
Whate'er our hot-brain'd Sheriffs did advance,
Was, like our Fashions, first produc'd in France;
And when worn out, well scourg'd, and banish'd there,
Sent over, like their godly Beggars, here.
Cou'd the same Trick, twice play'd, our Nation gull?
It looks as if the Devil were grown dull;
Or serv'd us up, in scorn, his broken Meat,
And thought we were not worth a better Cheat.
The fulsome Cov'nant, one would think in reason,
Had given us all our Bellies full of Treason:
And yet, the Name but chang'd, our nasty Nation
Chaws its own Excrement, th' Association.
'Tis true, we have not learn'd their pois'ning way,
For that's a Mode but newly come in play;
Besides, your Drug's uncertain to prevail;
But your true Protestant can never fail,
With that compendious Instrument, a Flail.
Go on; and bite, e'en though the Hook lies bare;
Twice in one Age expel the lawful Heir:
Once more decide Religion by the Sword,
And purchase for us a new Tyrant Lord.
Pray for your King; but yet your Purse spare;
Make him not Two-pence richer by your Prayer.
To shew you love him much, chastise him more;
And make him very Great, and very Poor.

*Push him to Wars, but still no Pence advance;
 Let him lose England, to recover France:
 Cry Freedom up with popular noisy Votes,
 And get enough to cut each other's Throats:
 Lop all the Rights that fence your Monarch's Throne;
 For fear of too much Pow'r, pray leave him none.
 A Noise was made of Arbitrary Sway;
 But in revenge, you Whigs have found a Way,
 An arbitrary Duty now to pay.
 Let his own Servants turn to save their Stake,
 Glean from his Plenty, and his Wants forsake.
 But let some Judas near his Person stay,
 To swallow the last Sop, and then betray.
 Make London independent of the Crown,
 A Realm apart; the Kingdom of the Town.
 Let Ignoramus Juries find no Traytors,
 And Ignoramus Poets scribble Satirs.
 And, that your Meaning none may fail to scan,
 Do, what in Coffee-Houses you began,
 Pull down the Master, and set up the Man.*



E P I L O G U E.

Written by Mr. *Dryden*.

Spoken by Mrs. *Cook*.

MUCH Time and Trouble this poor Play hath cost;
*And, faith, I doubted once the Cause was lost.
 Yet no one Man was meant, nor Great nor Small;
 Our Poets, like frank Gamesters, threw at all.
 They took no single Aim, ————
 But, like bold Boys, true to their Prince, and hearty,
 Huzza'd, and fir'd Broad-sides at the whole Party.*

Duels

EPILOGUE.

IT

*Duels are Crimes, but when the Cause is right,
 In Battel every Man is bound to fight.
 For what shou'd hinder me to sell my Skin
 Dear as I cou'd, if once my Hand were in?
 Se Defendendo never was a Sin.*

*'Tis a fine World, my Masters, right or wrong,
 The Whigs must talk, and Tories hold their tongue.
 They must do all they can——*

*But we, forsooth, must bear a Christian Mind;
 And fight, like Boys, with one Hand ty'd behind;
 Nay, and when one Boy's down, 'twere wondrous wise,
 To cry, box fair, and give him time to rise.
 When Fortune favours, none but Fools will dally:
 Wou'd any of you Sparks, if Nan or Mally
 Tip you th'inviting Wink, stand still I, shall I?
 A Trimmer cry'd, (that heard me tell his Story)
 Fie, Mistress Cook! Faith you're too rank a Tory!
 Wish not Whigs hang'd, but pity their hard Cases;
 You Women love to see Men make wry Faces.
 Pray, Sir, said I, don't think me such a Jew;
 I say no more, but give the Devil his due.
 Lenitives, says he, suit best with our Condition.
 Jack Ketch, says I, 's an excellent Physician.
 I love no Blood——Nor I, Sir, as I breathe;
 But hanging is a fine dry Kind of Death.
 We Trimmers are for holding all things even:
 Yes——just like him that hung 'twixt Hell and Heaven;
 Have we not had Mens Lives enow already?
 Yes sure:——but you're for holding all things steady:
 Now, since the Weight hangs all on one side, Brother,
 You Trimmers shou'd, to poize it, hang on t'other.
 Dam'd Neuters, in their middle Way of steering,
 Are neither Fish, nor Flesh, nor good Red-Herring:
 Not Whigs nor Tories they; nor this, nor that;
 Not Birds, nor Beasts; but just a Kind of Bat:
 A Twilight Animal; true to neither Cause,
 With Tory Wings, but Whiggish Teeth and Claws.*

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

The King,
Duke of *Guise*,
Duke of *Mayenne*,
Grillon,
The Cardinal of *Guise*,
Archbishop of *Lyons*,
Alphonso Corso,
Polin,
Aumale,
Bussy,
The Curate of St. *Eustace*,
Malicorn,
Melanax, *a Spirit*,
Two Sheriffs,
Citizens and Rabble, &c.

Mr. *Kynaston*.
Mr. *Betterton*.
Mr. *Fevon*.
Mr. *Smith*.
Mr. *Wiltshire*.
Mr. *Perin*.
Mr. *Mountfort*.
Mr. *Bowman*.
Mr. *Carlile*.
Mr. *Saunders*.
Mr. *Underhill*.
Mr. *Percival*.
Mr. *Gillo*.
Bright and Samford.

W O M E N.

Queen-Mother,
Marmoutier,

Lady *Slingsby*.
Mrs. *Barry*.

SCENE, *PARIS*.



T H E
DUKE of *GUISE*.



ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Council of Sixteen seated: An empty Chair prepar'd for the Duke of Guise.*

Buffy and Polin, two of the Sixteen.

Buf. **L**IGHTS there! more Lights; what
burn the Tapers dim,
When glorious *Guise*, the *Moses*, *Gi-*
deon, *David*,
The Saviour of the Nation, makes ap-
proach?

Pol. And therefore are we met; the whole Sixteen,
That sway the Croud of *Paris*, guide their Votes,
Manage their Purfes, Persons, Fortunes, Lives,
To mount the *Guise*, where Merit calls him high:
And give him a whole Heav'n, for room to shine.

Enter.

*The Duke of Guise.**Enter Curate of St. Eustace.*

Buf. The Curate of St. *Eustace* comes at last ;
But, Father, why so late ?

Cur. I have been taking godly Pains to satisfy some
Scruples rais'd amongst weak Brothers of our Party,
that were staggering in the Cause.

Pol. What cou'd they find t'object ?

Cur. They thought to arm against the King was Treason.

Buf. I hope you set 'em right. (son.

Cur. Yes ; and for Answer, I produc'd this Book.
A Calvinist Minister of *Orleans*

Writ this, to justify the Admiral

For taking Arms against the King deceas'd :

Wherein he proves that irreligious Kings

May justly be depos'd, and put to Death.

Buf. To borrow Arguments from Heretick Books
Methinks was not so prudent.

Cur. Yes, from the Devil, if it would help our Cause.
The Author was indeed a Heretick ;

The Matter of the Book is good and pious.

Pol. But one prime Article of our holy League,
Is to preserve the King, his Pow'r and Person.

Cur. That must be said, you know, for Decency ;
A pretty Blind to make the Shoot secure.

Buf. But did the primitive Christians e'er rebel,
When under heathen Lords ? I hope they did.

Cur. No sure, they did not ; for they had not Pow'r :
The Conscience of a People is their Pow'r.

Pol. Well ; the next Article in our solemn Covenant
Has clear'd the Point again.

Buf. What is't ? I should be glad to find the King
No safer than needs must.

Pol. That in case of Opposition from any Person
whatsoever—

Cur. That's well, that's well ; then the King is not
excepted, if he oppose us—

Pol. We are oblig'd to join as one, to punish
All, who attempt to hinder or disturb us,

Buf.

The Duke of Guise.

I 5

Bus. 'Tis a plain Case ; the King's included in the Punishment, in case he rebel against the People.

Pol. But how can he rebel?

Cur. I'll make it out: Rebellion is an Insurrection against the Government; but they that have the Power are actually the Government: Therefore if the People have the Power, the Rebellion is in the King.

Bus. A most convincing Argument for Faction.

Cur. For Arming, if you please; but not for Faction. For still the Faction is the fewest number; So, what they call the lawful Government, Is now the Faction; for the most are ours.

Pol. Since we are prov'd to be above the King, I wou'd gladly understand whom we are to obey; or whether we are to be all Kings together.

Cur. Are you a Member of the League, and ask that Question?

There's an Article, that, I may say, is as necessary as any In the Creed: Namely, that we, the said Associates, are Sworn to yield ready Obedience, and faithful Service, To that Head which shall be deputed.

Bus. 'Tis most manifest, that by virtue of our Oath We are all Subjects to the Duke of *Guise*. The King's An Officer that has betray'd his Trust; and therefore we Have turn'd him out of Service.

Omnes. Agreed, agreed.

Enter the Duke of Guise, Cardinal of Guise, Aumale, Torches before them. The Duke takes the Chair.

Bus. Your Highness enters in a lucky Hour; Th'unanimous Vote you heard, confirms your Voice, As Head of *Paris*, and the holy League.

Card. I say *Amen* to that.

Pol. You are our Champion; Buckler of our Faith.

Card. The King, like *Saul*, is Heav'n's repented Choice; You his Anointed one, on better Thought.

Gui. I'm what you please to call me: any thing, Lieutenant General, Chief, or Constable, Good decent Names, that only mean your Slave.

Bus.

The Duke of Guise.

Buf. You chas'd the *Germans* hence, exil'd *Navarre*,
And rescu'd *France* from Hereticks and Strangers.

Aum. What he and all of us have done, is known.
What's our Reward? our Offices are lost;
Turn'd out like labour'd Oxen, after Harvest,
To the bare Commons of the wither'd Field.

Buf. Our Charters will go next; because we Sheriffs
Permit no Justice to be done on those
The Court calls Rebels, but we call them Saints.

Gui. Yes, we are all involv'd, as Heads, or Parties;
Dipt in the Noisy Crime of State, call'd Treason:
And Traitors we must be to King or Country.

Buf. Why then my Choice is made.

Pol. And mine.

Omn. And all.

Card. Heav'n is it self Head of the holy League;
And all the Saints are Covenanters, and *Guisards*.

Gui. What say you, Curate?

Cur. I hope well, my Lord.

Card. That is, he hopes you mean to make him Abbot,
And he deserves your care of his Preferment,
For all his Prayers are Curses on the Government;
And all his Sermons Libels on the King:
In short, a pious, hearty, factious Priest. (tunes;

Gui. All that are here my Friends, shall share my For-
There's Spoil, Preferments, Wealth enough in *France*;
'Tis but deserve and have: The *Spanish* King
Consigns me fifty thousand Crowns a Week,
To raise and to foment a Civil War.
'Tis true, a Pension from a foreign Prince
Sounds Treason in the Letter of the Law,
But good Intentions justify the Deed.

Cur. Heav'n's good, the Cause is good, the Money's
No matter whence it comes. (good;

Buf. Our City Bands are twenty thousand strong;
Well disciplin'd, well arm'd, well season'd Traitors;
Thick rinded Heads, that leave no room for Kernel;
Shop Consciences, of proof against an Oath,
Preach'd up, and ready tinn'd for a Rebellion.

Gui.

The Duke of Guise.

17

Gui. Why then the noble Plot is fit for birth ;
And labouring *France* cries out for Midwife Hands.
We miss'd surprizing of the King at *Blois*,
When last the States were held ; 'twas oversight :
Beware we make not such another Blot.

Card. This holy time of *Lent* we have him sure ;
He goes unguarded, mix'd with whipping Fryars,
In that Procession, he's more fit for Heav'n :
What hinders us to seize the Royal Penitent,
And close him in a Cloyster ?

Cur. Or dispatch him ? I love to make all sure.

Gui. No, guard him safe ;
Thin Diet will do well ; 'twill starve him into Reason,
Till he exclude his Brother of *Navarre*,
And graft Succession on a worthier Choice :
To favour this, five hundred Men in Arms
Shall stand prepar'd to enter at your Call,
And speed the Work : *St. Martin's Gate* was nam'd :
But the Sheriff *Conty*, who commands that Ward,
Refus'd me Passage there.

Buf. I know that *Conty* ;
A sniveling, conscientious, loyal Rogue :
He'll peach, and ruin all.

Card. Give out he's Arbitrary, a *Navarrist*,
A Heretick ; discredit him betimes,
And make his Witness void.

Cur. I'll swear him guilty.
I swallow Oaths as easy as Snap-Dragon,
Mock-Fire that never burns.

Gui. Then, *Buffy*, be't your care t'admit my Troops
At *Porte St. Honore* : [*Rises.*] Night wears apace,
And Day-light must not peep on dark Designs.
I will my self to Court ; pay formal Duty ;
Take leave ; and to my Government retire,
Impatient to be soon recall'd ; to see
The King imprison'd, and the Nation free. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

*The Duke of Guise.**Enter Malicorn.*

Mal. Each dismal Minute, when I call to mind
 The Promise that I made the Prince of Hell,
 In one and twenty Years to be his Slave,
 Of which near twelve are gone, my Soul runs back,
 The Wards of Reason roll into their Spring.
 O horrid Thought! but one and twenty Years,
 And twelve near past, then to be steep'd in Fire,
 Dash'd against Rocks, or snatch'd from molten Lead,
 Reeking and dropping, piece-meal born by Winds,
 And quench'd ten thousand Fathom in the Deep!

[Knocking at the Door.]

But hark! he comes, see there, my Blood stands still;
 My Spirits start an end for *Guise's* Fate.

A Devil rises.

What Counsel does the Fate of *Guise* require?

Dev. Remember with his Prince there's no delay,
 But, the Sword drawn, to fling the Sheath away;
 Let not the fear of Hell his Spirit grieve,
 The Tomb is still, whatever Fools believe;
 Laugh at the Tales which wither'd Sages bring,
 Proverbs and Morals, let the waxen King
 That rules the Hive, be born without a Sting;
 Let *Guise* by Blood resolve to mount to Pow'r,
 And he is great as *Mecha's* Emperor;
 He comes, bid him not stand on Altar Vows,
 But then strike deepest, when he lowest bows;
 Tell him Fate's aw'd when an Usurper springs,
 And joins to croud out just indulgent Kings. *[Vanishes.]*

Enter the Duke of Guise, and Duke of Mayen.

May. All Offices and Dignities he gives
 To your profest and most inveterate Foes;
 But if he were inclin'd, as we could wish him,

Ther

The Duke of Guise.

19

There is a Lady Regent at his Ear,
That never pardons.

Gui. Poison on her Name!

Take my Hand on't, that Cormorant Dowager
Will never rest, till she has all our Heads

In her Lap. I was at *Bayonne* with her,
When she, the King, and grisly *d'Alva* met;

Methinks I see her listening now before me,

Marking the very motion of his Beard,

His op'ning Nostrils and his dropping Lids:

I hear him croak too to the gaping Council;

"Fish for the great Fish, take no care for Frogs,

"Cut off the Poppy-Heads, Sir; Madam, charm

"The Winds but fast, the Billows will be still."

May. But, Sir, how comes it you should be thus warm,

Still pushing Councils when among your Friends;

Yet at the Court cautious, and cold as Age,

Your Voice, your Eyes, your Mien so different,

You seem to me two Men?

Gui. The Reason's plain:

Hot with my Friends, because the Question giv'n,

I start the Judgement right where others drag.

This is the effect of equal Elements,

And Atoms justly pois'd; nor should you wonder

More at the strength of Body than of Mind.

'Tis equally the same to see me plunge

Headlong into the *Scin* all over arm'd,

And plough against the Torrent to my point,

As 'twas to hear my Judgement on the *Germans*.

This to another Man would be a brag;

Or at the Court among my Enemies,

To be as I am here quite off my Guard,

Would make me such another thing as *Grillon*,

A blunt, hot, honest, downright, valiant Fool.

May. Yet this you must allow a Failure in you;

You love his Niece, and to a Politician

All Passion's Bane, but Love directly Death.

Gui. False, false, my *Mayen*, thou'rt but half *Guise*

Were she not such a wondrous Composition, (again;

A Soul so flush'd as mine is with Ambition,

Sagacious

The Duke of Guise.

Sagacious and so nice, must have disdain'd her;
 But she was made when Nature was in humour,
 As if a *Grillon* got her on the Queen,
 Where all the honest Atoms fought their Way,
 Took a full Tincture of the Mother's Wit,
 But left the Dregs of Wickedness behind.

May. Have you not told her what we have in hand?

Gui. My utmost aim has been to hide it from her,
 But there I'm short, by the long Chain of Causes.
 She has scan'd it, just as if she were my Soul:
 And tho' I flew about with Circumstances,
 Denials, Oaths, Improbabilities;
 Yet thro' the Histories of our Lives, she look'd,
 She saw, she overcame.

May. Why then we're all undone.

Gui. Again you err.

Chaste as she is, she wou'd as soon give up
 Her Honour, as betray me to the King:
 I tell thee, she's the Character of Heav'n:
 Such an habitual over-womanly Goodness,
 She dazzles, walks mere Angel upon Earth.
 But see, she comes, call the Cardinal *Guise*,
 While *Malicorn* attends for some Dispatches,
 Before I take my Farewel of the Court.

Enter Marmoutier.

Mar. Ah, *Guise*, you are undone.

Gui. How, Madam?

Mar. Lost,

Beyond the possibility of Hope:

Despair, and die.

Gui. You menace deeply, Madam;
 And should this come from any Mouth but your's,
 My Smile should answer how the Ruin touch'd me.

Mar. Why do you leave the Court?

Gui. The Court leaves me.

Mar. Were there no more but Weariness of State,
 Or cou'd you, like great *Scipio*, retire,
 Call *Rome* ungrateful, and sit down with that;

Such

The Duke of Guise.

21

Such inward Gallantry would gain you more
Than all the sullied Conquest you can boast.
But oh, you want that *Roman* Mastery ;
You have too much of the tumultuous Times,
And I must mourn the Fate of your Ambition.

Gui. Because the King disdains my Services,
Must I not let him know I dare be gone ?
What, when I feel his Council on my Neck,
Shall I not cast 'em backward if I can ;
And at his Feet make known their Villany ?

Mar. No, *Guise*, not at his Feet, but on his Head ;
For there you strike.

Gui. Madam, you wrong me now ;
For still whate'er shall come in Fortune's whirl,
His Person must be safe.

Mar. I cannot think it.
However, your last Words confess too much.
Confess ! What need I urge that Evidence,
When every Hour I see you court the Croud,
When with the Shouts of the rebellious Rabble,
I see you born on Shoulders to Cabals ;
Where with the Traitorous Council of Sixteen,
You sit and plot the Royal *Henry's* Death ;
Cloud the Majestick Name with Fumes of Wine,
Infamous Scrolls, and treasonable Verse ;
While, on the other side, the Name of *Guise*,
By the whole Kennel of the Slaves, is rung :
Pamphleteers, Balladmongers, sing your Ruin,
While all the Vermin of the vile *Parisians*
Toss up their greasy Caps where-e'er you pass,
And hurl your dirty Glories in your Face.

Gui. Can I help this ?

Mar. By Heav'n I'd earth my self,
Rather than live to act such black Ambition :
But, Sir, you seek it with your Smiles and Bows,
This side, and that side congeeing to the Croud ;
You have your Writers too, that cant your Battels,
That stile you the new *David*, Second *Moses*,
Prop of the Church, Deliverer of the People.
Thus from the City, as from the Heart, they spread

Thro'

The Duke of Guise.

Thro' all the Provinces, a'larm the Countries,
 Where they run forth in Heaps, bellowing your Won-
 Then cry, The King, the King's a Hugonot, (ders
 And, spite of us, will have *Navarre* succeed,
 Spite of the Laws, and spite of our Religion:
 But we'll pull 'em down, down with 'em, down. [*Kneels*

Gui. Ha, Madam! Why this Posture?

Mar. Hear me, Sir:

I or, if 'tis possible, my Lord, I'll move you.
 Look back, return, implore the Royal Mercy,
 E'er 'tis too late, I beg you by these Tears,
 These Sighs, and by th' ambitious Love you bear me;
 By all the Wounds of your poor groaning Country,
 That bleeds to Death, O seek the best of Kings,
 Kneel, fling your stubborn Body at his Feet:
 Your Pardon shall be sign'd, your Country sav'd,
 Virgins and Matrons all shall sing your Fame,
 And every Babe shall bless the *Guise's* Name.

Gui. O rise, thou Image of the Deity;
 You shall prevail, I will do any thing;
 You have broke the very Gall of my Ambition,
 And all my Powers now float in Peace again:
 Be satisfy'd that I will see the King,
 Kneel to him, e'er I journey to *Champaign*,
 And beg a kind Farewel.

Mar. No, no, my Lord;
 I see thro' that, you but withdraw a while,
 To muster all the Forces that you can,
 And then rejoin the Council of Sixteen.
 You must not go.

Gui. All the Heads of the League
 Expect me, and I have engag'd my Honour. (sav'd

Mar. Would all those Heads were off, so yours were
 Once more, O *Guise*, the weeping *Marmoutier*
 Intreats you do not go.

Gui. Is't possible
 That *Guise* should say, in this he must refuse you?

Mar. Go then, my Lord, I late receiv'd a Letter
 From one at Court, who tells me the King loves me:
 Read it, there is no more than what you hear,

The Duke of Guise.

23

I have Jewels offer'd too, perhaps may take 'em:
And if you go from *Paris*, I'll to Court.

Gui. But Madam, I have often heard you say,
You lov'd not Courts.

Mar. Perhaps I have chang'd my Mind:
Nothing as yet could draw me, but a King,
And such a King, so good, so just, so great,
That at his Birth the Heavenly Council paus'd,
And then at last cry'd out, This is a Man.

Gui. Come, 'tis but Counterfeit; you dare not go.

Mar. Go to your Government, and try.

Gui. I will.

Mar. Then I'll to Court, nay, to the King.

Gui. By Heav'n

I swear, you cannot, shall not, dare not see him.

Mar. By Heav'n I can, I dare, nay, and I will:
And nothing but your Stay shall hinder me;
For now, methinks, I long for't.

Gui. Possible!

Mar. I'll give you yet a little time to think:
But if I hear you go to take your leave,
I'll meet you there, before the Throne I'll stand;
Nay, you shall see me kneel, and kiss his Hand. [*Exit.*]

Gui. Furies and Hell! She does but try me: Ha!
This is the Mother-Queen and *Esperson*,
Abbot *Delbene*, *Alphonso Corso* too,
All pack'd to plot, and turn me into Madnefs.

[*Reading the Letter.*]

Enter Cardinal Guise, Duke of Mayen, Malicorn, &c.

Ha! can it be! *Madam, the King loves you.* [*Reads.*]
But Vengeance I will have; to pieces, thus,
To pieces with 'em all. [*Tears the Letter.*]

Card. Speak lower.

Gui. No;

By all the Torments of this galling Passion,
I'll hollow the Revènge I vow, so loud,
My Father's Ghost shall hear me up to Heav'n.

Card. Contain your self, this Outrage will undo us.]

Gui.

The Duke of Guise.

Gui. All things are ripe, and Love new-points their
Ruin.

Ha! my good Lords, what if the murd'ring Council
Were in our power, should they escape our Justice?
I see by each Man's laying of his Hand
Upon his Sword, you swear the like Revenge.
For me, I wish that mine may both rot off——

Card. No more.

May. The Council of Sixteen attend you.

Gui. I go——That Vermin may devour my Limbs,
That I may die like the late puling *Francis*,
Under the Barber's Hands, Imposthumes choak me,
If while alive I cease to chew their Ruin;
Alphonso Corso, *Grillon*, Priest, together,
To hang 'em in Effigy; nay, to tread,
Drag, stamp, and grind 'em, after they are dead.

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Queen-Mother, Abbot Delbene, Polin.

Q.M.  RAY mark the Form of the Conspiracy:
Guise gives it out he journeys to *Cham-*
paign,
But lurks indeed at *Lagny*, hard by
Paris,

Where every Hour he hears, and gives Instructions.
Mean time the Council of Sixteen assure him
They have twenty thousand Citizens in Arms.
Is it not so, *Polin*?

Pol. True, on my Life;
And if the King doubts the Discovery,
Send me to the *Bastile* till all be prov'd.

Q.M. Call Colonel *Grillon*, the King would speak
with him.

Ab. Was ever Age like this?

[*Exit Polin.*]

Q.M.

• *The Duke of Guise.*

25

Q. M. *Polin* is honest :

Beside, the whole Proceeding is so like
The hair-brain'd Rout, I guess'd as much before;
Know then, it is resolv'd to seize the King,
When next he goes in penitential Weeds,
Among the Friars, without his usual Guards;
Then, under shew of popular Sedition,
For Safety, shut him in a Monastery,
And sacrifice his Favourites to their Rage.

Ab. When is this Council to be held again?

Q. M. Immediately upon the Duke's Departure.

Ab. Why sends not then the King sufficient Guards,
To seize the Fiends, and hew'em into pieces?

Q. M. 'Tis in appearance easy, but th'Effect
Most hazardous; for strait, upon th' Alarm,
The City would be sure to be in Arms:

Therefore to undertake, and not to compass,
Were to come off with Ruin and Dishonour.

You know th' *Italian* Proverb, *Bisogna Copriersi*;

He that will venture on a Hornet's Nest,
Should arm his Head, and buckler well his Breast.

Ab. But wherefore seems the King so unresolv'd?

Q. M. I brought *Polin*, and made the Demonstration,
Told him Necessity cry'd out to take

A Resolution to preserve his Life,

And look on *Guise* as a reclaimless Rebel.

But thro' the natural Sweetness of his Temper,

And dangerous Mercy, coldly he reply'd,

Madam, I will consider what you say.

Ab. Yet after all, could we but fix him.

Q. M. Right,

The Business were more firm for this Delay;

For noblest Natures, tho' they suffer long,

When once provok'd, they turn the Face to Danger.

But see, he comes, *Alphonso Corso* with him:

Let us withdraw, and when 'tis fit, rejoin him. [*Exit.*]

VOL. II.

O

Enter

Speak
Polin.
Q. M.

Enter King, Alphonso Corfo.

King. Alphonso Corfo.

Alph. Sir.

King. I think thou lov'st me.

Alph. More than my Life.

King. That's much; yet I believe thee.

My Mother has the Judgement of the World,
And all things move by that: But, my *Alphonso*,
She has a cruel Wit.

Alph. The Provocation, Sir.

King. I know it well:

But if thou'dst have my Heart within thy Hand,
All Conjurations blot the Names of Kings.
What Honours, Interest, were the World to buy him,
Shall make a brave Man smile, and do a Murder?
Therefore I hate the Memory of *Brutus*,
I mean the latter, so cry'd up in Story.
Cæsar did ill, but did it in the Sun,
And foremost in the Field; but sneaking *Brutus*,
Whom none but Cowards and white-liver'd Knaves
Would dare commend, lagging behind his Fellows,
His Dagger in his Bosom, itabb'd his Father.
This is a Blot which *Tully's* Eloquence
Could ne'er wipe off, tho' the mistaken Man
Makes bold to call those Traitors Men Divine.
Alph. Tully was wise, but wanted Constancy.

Enter Queen-Mother, Abbot Delbene.

*Q.M. Good Even, Sir; 'tis just the time you order'd
To wait on your Decrees.*

King. Oh Madam.

Q.M. Sir.

*King. Oh Mother, but I cannot make it way;
Chaos and Shades, 'tis huddled up in Night.*

*Q.M. Speak then, for Speech is Morning to the Mind,
It spreads the beauteous Images abroad,
Which else lie furl'd and clouded in the Soul.*

King.

The Duke of Guise.

27

King. You would embark me in a Sea of Blood.

Q.M. You see the Plot directly on your Person;
But give it o'er, I did but state the Case.
Take *Guise* into your Heart, and drive your Friends;
Let Knaves in Shops prescribe you how to sway,
And when they read your Acts, with their vile Breath
Proclaim aloud, they like not this or that;
Then in a drove come lowing to the *Louvre*,
And cry they'll have it mended, that they will,
Or you shall be no King.

King. 'Tis true, the People
Ne'er know a Mean, when once they get the Power;
But Oh, if the Design we lay should fail,
Better the Traitors never should be touch'd,
If Execution cries not out 'tis done.

Q.M. No, Sir; you cannot fear the sure Design:
But I have liv'd too long, since my own Blood
Dares not confide in her that gave him Being.

King. Stay Madam, stay, come back, forgive my Fears;
Where all our Thoughts should creep like deepest Streams.
Know then, I hate aspiring *Guise* to death;
Whor'd *Marguerite* plots upon my Life;
And shall I not revenge?

Q.M. Why this is *Harry*;
Harry at *Moncontour*, when in his Bloom
He saw the Admiral *Coligny's* Back.

King. O this Whale *Guise*, with all the *Lorrain* Fry,
Might I but view him after his Plots and Plunges,
Struck on those cowering Shallows that await him;
This were a *Florence* Master-piece indeed.

Q.M. He comes to take his leave.

King. Then for *Champaign*;
But lies in wait till *Paris* is in Arms.
Call *Grillon* in; all that I beg you now,
Is to be hush'd upon the Consultation,
As Urns that never blab.

Q.M. Doubt not your Friends;
Love 'em, and then you need not fear your Foes.

O 2

Enter

King.

The Duke of Guise.

Enter Grillon.

King. Welcome my Honest Man, my old try'd Friend,
Why dost thou fly me, *Grillon*, and retire?

Grill. Rather let me demand your Majesty,
Why fly you from your self? I've heard you say,
You'd arm against the League, why do you not?
The Thoughts of such as you are Starts Divine,
And when you mould with second Cast, the Spirit,
The Air, the Life, the golden Vapour's gone.

King. Soft, my old Friend, *Guise* plots upon my Life,
Polin shall tell thee more: hast thou not heard
Th' unsufferable Affronts he daily offers,
War without Treasure on the *Hugonots*,
While I am forc'd against my bent of Soul,
Against all Laws, all Custom, Right, Succession,
To cast *Navarre* from the Imperial Line? (tor.)

Grill. Why do you, Sir? Death, let me tell the Tray-

King. Peace, *Guise* is going to his Government;
You are his Foe of old: Go to him, *Grillon*;
Visit him as from me, to be employ'd
In this great War against the *Hugonots*,
And prithee tell him roundly of his Faults;
No farther, honest *Grillon*.

Grill. Shall I fight him?

King. I charge thee not.

Grill. If he provokes me, strike him?
You'll grant me that.

King. Not so, my honest Soldier.
Yet speak to him.

Grill. I will by Heav'n to th' purpose,
And if he force a beating, who can help it? [*Ex. Grill.*]

King. Follow *Alphonso*; when the Storm is up,
Call me to part 'em.

Q.M. *Grillon* to ask him Pardon,
Will let *Guise* know, we are not in the dark.

King. You hit the Judgement; yet, O yet, there's more,
Something upon my Heart, after these Counsels,
So soft, and so unworthy to be nam'd.

Q.M.

The Duke of Guise.

29

Q.M. They say that *Grillon's* Niece is come to Court,
And means to kiss your Hand. [*Exit Q.Mother.*

King. Could I but hope it.

O my dear Father, pardon me in this,
And then enjoin me all that Man can suffer ;
But sure the Powers above will take our Tears
For such a fault, Love is so like themselves. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Louvre.*

Enter Guise attended with his Family, Marmoutier meeting him new drest, attended, &c.

Gui. Furies, she keeps her Word, and I am lost ;
Yet let not thy Ambition shew it to her,
For after all she does it but to try me,
And foil my vow'd Designs. Madam, I see
You're come to Court ; the Robes you wear become you :
Your Air, your Mien, your Charms, your every Grace,
Will kill at least your thousand in a Day. (sland ?

Mar. What, a whole Day, and kill but one poor thousand
An Hour you mean, and in that Hour ten thousand ?
Yes, I wou'd make with every Glance a Murder.
Mend me this Curl.

Gui. Woman !

Mar. You see, my Lord,
I have my Followers, like you : I swear
The Court's a Heav'nly Place ; but o' my Heart,
I know not why that Sigh should come uncall'd ;
Perhaps 'twas for your going, yet I swear
I never was so mov'd, O *Guise*, as now ;
Just as you enter'd, when from yonder Window
I saw the King.

Gui. Woman, all over Woman.
The World confesses, Madam, *Henry's* Form
Is Noble and Majestick.

Mar. O you grudge
Th' extorted Praise, and speak him but by halves.

Gui. Priest, *Corso*, Devils ! how she carries it !

O 3

Mar.

Mar. I see, my Lord, you are come to take your leave;
And were it not to give the Court Suspicion,
I would oblige you, Sir, before you go,
To lead me to the King.

Gui. Death and the Devil!

Mar. But since that cannot be, I'll take my leave
Of you, my Lord, Heav'n grant your Journey safe,
Farewell once more. Not stir? Does this become you?
Does your Ambition swell into your Eyes?
Jealousy, by this Light: Nay then, proud *Guise*,
I tell you, you're not worthy of the Grace,
But I will carry't, Sir, to those that are,
And leave you to the Curse of Bosom War. [Exit.

May. Is this the Heav'nly —

Gui. Devil, Devil, as they are all;
'Tis true, at first she caught the Heav'nly Form,
But now Ambition sets her on her Head,
By Hell, I see the cloven Mark upon her:
Ha! *Grillon* here! some new Court-Trick upon me.

Enter Grillon.

Grill. Sir, I have Business for your Ear.

Gui. Retire.

[Exeunt his Followers.

Grill. The King, my Lord, commanded me to wait
And bid you welcome to the Court. (you,

Gui. The King
Still loads me with new Honours, but none greater
Than this the last.

Grill. There is one greater yet,
Your High Commission against the Hugonots;
I and my Family shall shortly wait you,
And 'twill be glorious Work.

Gui. If you are there,
There must be Action.

Grill. Oh, your Pardon, Sir.
I'm but a Stripling in the Trade of War;
But you, whose Life is one continued Broil,
What will not your Triumphant Arms accomplish?
You, that were form'd for Mastery in War;

That

The Duke of Guise.

31

That, with a start, cry'd to your Brother *Mayenne*,
To Horse, and slaughter'd forty thousand *Germans*.

Gui. Let me beseech you, Colonel, no more.

Grill. But, Sir, since I must make at least a Figure
In this great Business, let me understand
What 'tis you mean, and why you force the King
Upon so dangerous an Expedition.

Gui. Sir, I intend the Greatness of the King,
The Greatness of all *France*, whom it imports
To make their Arms their Business, Aim, and Glory;
And where so proper, as upon those Rebels
That cover'd all the State with Blood and Death?

Grill. Stor'd Arsenals and Armories, Fields of Horse,
Ordinance, Munition, and the Nerve of War,
Sound Infantry, not harass'd and diseas'd,
To meet the fierce *Navarre*, should first be thought on.

Gui. I find, my Lord, the Argument grows warm;
Therefore, thus much, and I have done. I go
To join the holy League in this great War,
In which no Place of Office, or Command,
Not of the Greatest, shall be bought or sold:
Whereas too often Honours are confer'd
On Soldiers, and no Soldiers; this Man knighted
Because he charg'd a Troop before his Dinner,
And sculk'd behind a Hedge i'th' Afternoon.
I will have strict Examination made
Betwixt the Meritorious and the Base. (doubt

Grill. You have mouth'd it bravely, and there is no
Your Deeds would answer well your haughty Words;
Yet let me tell you, Sir, there is a Man,
Curse on the Hearts that hate him, that wou'd better,
Better than you, or all your puffy Race,
That better would become the Great Battalion;
That when he shines in Arms, and suns the Field,
Moves, speaks, and fights, and is himself a War.

Gui. Your Idol, Sir, you mean the Great *Navarre*;
But yet——

Grill. No yet, my Lord of *Guise*, no yet;
By Arms, I bar you that; I swear, no yet;
For never was his like, nor shall again,

The Duke of Guise.

Tho' voted from his Right by your curs'd League.

Gui. Judge not too rashly of the holy League,
But look at home.

Grill. Ha! dar'st thou justify
Those Villains?

Gui. I'll not justify a Villain
More than your self: but if you thus proceed,
If every heated Breath can puff away,
On each Surmise, the Lives of free-born People,
What need that awful General Convocation,
The Assembly of the States? Nay, let me urge,
If thus they vilify the holy League,
What may their Heads expect?

Grill. What, if I cou'd,
They should be certain of, whole Piles of Fire.

Gui. Colonel, 'tis very well, I know your Mind,
Which without fear or flattery to your Person,
I'll tell the King, and then, with his Permission,
Proclaim it for a warning to our People.

Grill. Come, you're a Murderer yourself within,
A Traitor.

Gui. Thou a——hot old hair-brain'd Fool.

Grill. You were Complotter with the cursed League,
The black Abettor of our *Harry's* Death.

Gui. 'Tis false.

Grill. 'Tis true, as thou art double-hearted:
Thou double Traitor, to conspire so basely,
And when found out, more basely to deny't.

Gui. O gracious *Harry*, let me sound thy Name,
Lest this old Rust of War, this knotty Trifler
Should raise me to Extremes.

Grill. If thou'rt a Man,
That didst refuse a Challenge of *Navarre*,
Come forth.

Gui. Go on, since thou'rt resolv'd on Death,
I'll follow thee, and rid thy shaking Soul.

Enter

Enter King, Queen-Mother, Alphonso, Abbot, &c.

But see, the King: I scorn to ruin thee.

Therefore go tell him, tell him thy own Story.

King. Ha, Colonel, is this your Friendly Visit?

Tell me the Truth, how happen'd this Disorder?

Those ruffled Hands, red Looks, and Port of Fury

Grill. I told him, Sir, since you will have it so,

He was the Author of the Rebel League,

Therefore a Traitor, and a Murderer.

King. Is't possible?

No matter, Sir, no matter:

A few hot Words, no more upon my Life;

The old Man rouz'd and shook himself a little:

So if your Majesty will do me Honour,

I do beseech you let the Business die.

King. *Grillon*, submit your self, and ask his Pardon.

Grill. Pardon me! I cannot do't.

King. Where are the Guards?

Gui. Hold, Sir; come Colonel, I'll ask Pardon for

This soldierly Embrace makes up the Breach; (you,

We will be sorry, Sir, for one another.

Grill. My Lord I know not what to answer you,

I'm Friends, and I am not, and so farewell. [*Exit.*

King. You have your Orders; yet before you go,

Take this Embrace, I court you for my Friend,

Tho' *Grillon* wou'd not.

Gui. I thank you on my Knees;

And still while Life shall last, will take strict care

To justify my Loyalty to your Person. [*Exit.*

Q.M. Excellent Loyalty, to lock you up!

King. I see even to the bottom of his Soul:

And, Madam, I must say the *Guise* has Beauties,

But they are set in Night, and foul Design:

He was my Friend when young, and might be still.

Abbot. Mark'd you his hollow Accents at the parting?

Q.M. Grave in his Smiles.

King. Death in his bloodless Hands.

O Marmoutier! now I will haste to meet thee;

The Face of Beauty, on this rising Horror,
Looks like the midnight Moon upon a Murder;
It gilds the dark Design that stays for Fate,
And drives the Shades that thicken from the State.

[*Exeunt.*



A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Grillon and Polin.

Grill.  AVE then this pious Council of Sixteen
Scented your last Discovery of the Plot?
Pol. Not as from me, for still I kennel
with them,

And bark as loud as the most deep-mouth'd Traytor,
Against the King, his Government and Laws;
Whereon immediately there runs a Cry
Of, Seize him on the next Procession, seize him,
And clap the *Chilperick* in a Monastery.
Thus it was fix'd, as I before discover'd:
But when, against his Custom, they perceiv'd
The King absented, strait the Rebels met,
And roar'd, they were undone.

Grill. Oh, 'tis like 'em,
'Tis like their mungrel Souls; Flesh 'em with Fortune,
And they will worry Royalty to death:
But if some crabbed Virtue turn and pinch 'em,
Mark me, they'll run and yelp, and clap their Tails,
Like Curs, betwixt their Legs, and howl for Mercy.

Pol. But *Malicorn*, sagacious on the point,
Cry'd call the Sheriffs, and bid 'em arm their Bands;
Add yet to this, to raise you above hope,
The *Guise* my Master will be here to-day.
For, on bare guesses of what has been reveal'd,
He wing'd a Messenger to give him notice;
Yet, spite of all this Factor of the Fiends

Could

The Duke of Guise.

35

Cou'd urge, they slunk their Heads like Hinds in Storms:
But see, they come!

Enter Sheriffs with the Populace.

Grill. Away, I'll have amongst 'em;
Fly to the King, warn him of *Guise's* coming,
That he may strait dispatch his strict Commands
To stop him.

1 Sher. Nay, this is Colonel *Grillon*,
The Blunderbuss o'th' Court, away, away,
He carries Ammunition in his Face.

Grill. Hark you, my Friends, if you are not in haste,
Because you are the Pillars of the City,
I wou'd inform you of a general Ruin.

2 Sher. Ruin to the City! marry, Heav'n forbid.

Grill. Amen, I say; for look you, I'm your Friend.
'Tis blown about you've plotted on the King,
To seize him, if not kill him; for who knows,
When once your Conscience yields, how far 'twill stretch?
Next, quite to dash your firmest hopes in pieces,
The Duke of *Guise* is dead.

1 Sher. Dead, Colonel!

2 Sher. Undone, undone!

Grill. The World cannot redeem you;
For what, Sirs, if the King, provok'd at last,
Should join the *Spaniard*, and should fire your City,
Paris your Head, but a most venomous one,
Which must be blooded?

1 Sher. Blooded, Colonel!

Grill. Ay, blooded, thou most infamous Magistrate,
Or you will blood the King, and burn the *Louvre*:
But, e'er that be, fall million miscreant Souls,
Such Earth-born Minds as yours; for mark me, Slaves,
Did you not Ages past consign your Lives,
Liberties, Fortunes, to Imperial Hands,
Made 'em the Guardians of your sickly Years,
And now you're grown up to a Booby's Greatness,
What, wou'd you wrest the Scepter from his Hand?

Now,

Now, by the Majesty of Kings I swear,
You shall as soon be sav'd for packing Juries.

1 *Sher.* Why, Sir, may'nt Citizens be sav'd?

Grill. Yes, Sir,

From drowning, to be hang'd, burnt, broke o'th' wheel.

1 *Sher.* Colonel, you speak us plain.

Grill. A Plague confound you,

Why should I not? what is there in such Rascals,
Should make me hide my Thought, or hold my tongue?

Now, in the Devil's Name, what makes you here,
Daubing the Inside of the Court like Snails,

Sliming our Walls, and pricking out your Horns?

To hear, I warrant, what the King's a doing,

And what the Cabinet-Council, then to th' City,

To spread your monstrous Lyes, and sow Sedition?

Wild-Fire choak you.

1 *Sher.* Well, we'll think of this,

And so we take our leaves.

Grill. Nay, stay, my Masters;

For I'm a thinking now just whereabouts

Grow the two tallest Trees in *Arden* Forest.

1 *Sher.* For what, pray Colonel, if we may be so bold?

Grill. Why to hang you upon the highest Branches;

'Fore God it will be so; and I shall laugh

To see you dangling to and fro i'th' Air,

With the honest Crows picking your Traitor's Limbs.

All. Good Colonel!

Grill. Good Rats, my precious Vermin,

You moving Dirt, you rank stark Muck o'th' World,

You Oven-Bats, you things so far from Souls,

Like Dogs you're out of Providence's reach,

And only fit for hanging: but be gone,

And think of Plunder—You right Elder Sheriff,

Who carv'd our *Henry's* Image on a Table,

At your Club-Feast, and after flabb'd it thro'.

1 *Sher.* Mercy, good Colonel.

Grill. Run with your Nose to Earth,

Run Blood-hound, run, and scent out Royal Murder.

You second Rogue, but equal to the first,

Plunder, go hang, nay take your tackling with you,

For

The Duke of Guise.

37

For these shall hold you fast, your Slaves hang you
To the mid Region in the Sun :

[*Exeunt Sheriffs and People.*]

Plunder, be gone Vipers, Aíps, and Adders.

Enter Malicorn.

Ha, but here comes a Fiend that soars above
A Prince o'th' Air, that sets the Mud a moving.

Mal. Colonel, a word.

Grill. I hold no speech with Villains.

Mal. But, Sir, it may concern your Fame and Safety.

Grill. No matter, I had rather die traduc'd,
Than live by such a Villain's help as thine.

Mal. Hate then the Traytor, but yet love the Treason.

Grill. Why, are you not a Villain ?

Mal. 'Tis confess'd.

Grill. Then in the name of all thy Brother Devils,
What wouldst thou have with me ?

Mal. I know you're honest,
Therefore it is my business to disturb you.

Grill. 'Fore God I'll beat thee, if thou urge me farther.

Mal. Why tho' you shou'd, yet if you hear me after,
The Pleasure I shall take in your Vexation,
Will heal my Bruises.

Grill. Wert thou definite, Rogue,
I faith, I think that I should give thee hearing ;
But such a boundless Villany as thine
Admits no Patience.

Mal. Your Niece is come to Court,
And yields her Honour to our *Henry's* Bed.

Grill. Thou ly'st, damn'd Villain. [*Strikes him.*]

Mal. So, why this I look'd for.
But yet I swear by Hell and my Revenge,
'Tis true, as you have wrong'd me,

Grill. Wrong'd thee, Villain !
And name Revenge ! O wert thou *Grillon's* Match,
And worthy of my Sword, I swear by this,
One had been past an Oath ; but thou'rt a Worm,
And if I tread thee, dar'it not turn again.

Mal.

Mal. 'Tis false, I dare like you, but cannot act;
 There is no Force in this enervate Arm.
 Blasted I was e'er born, curse on my Stars,
 Got by some Dotard in his pithless Years,
 And sent a wither'd Saplin to the World.
 Yet, I have Brain, and there is my Revenge;
 Therefore I say again these Eyes have seen
 Thy Blood at Court bright as a Summer's Morn
 When all the Heav'n is streak'd with dappled Fires,
 And fleck'd with Blushes like a rifled Maid;
 Nay, by the gleamy Fires that melted from her,
 Fast Sighs and Smiles, swoln Lips and heaving Breasts,
 My Soul presages *Henry* has enjoy'd her,

Grill. Again thou ly'st, and I will crumble thee,
 Thou bottled Spider, into thy primitive Earth,
 Unless thou swear thy very Thought's a Lye.

Mal. I stand in Adamant, and thus defy thee;
 Nay, draw, and with the edge betwixt my Lips,
 Even while thou rak'st it thro' my Teeth, I'll swear
 All I have said is true, as thou art honest,
 Or I a Villain.

Grill. Damn'd infamous Wretch,
 So much below my Scorn, I dare not kill thee;
 And yet so much my Hate, that I must fear thee.
 For should it be as thou hast said, not all
 The Trophies of my laurel'd Honesty
 Shou'd bar me from forsaking this bad World,
 And never draw my Sword for *Henry* more.

Mal. Ha, 'tis well, and now I am reveng'd.
 I was in hopes thou wouldst have utter'd Treason,
 And forfeited thy Head to pay me fully.

Grill. Hast thou compacted for a Lease of Years
 With Hell, that thus thou ventur'st to provoke me?

Mal. Perhaps I have: (How right the Blockhead hits)
 Yet more to rack thy Heart, and break thy Brain,
 Thy Niece has been before the *Guise's* Mistress.

Grill. Hell-hound, avant.

Mal. Forgive my honest Meaning.

[Exit.

Grill. 'Tis hatch'd beneath, a Plot upon mine Ho-
 And thus he lays his Baits to catch my Soul: (nour,

Ha!

The Duke of Guise.

39

Ha! but the Presence opens; who comes here?
By Heav'n my Niece, led by *Alphonso Corso*!

Enter Alphonso, Marmoutier.

Ha, *Malicorn*, is't possible? Truth from thee!
'Tis plain, and I in justifying Woman
Have done the Devil wrong.

Alph. Madam, the King,
Pleaze you to sit, will instantly attend you.

Grill. Death, Hell, and Furies! ha, she comes to seek
O Prostitute! and on her prodigal Flesh (him;
She 'as lavish'd all the Diamonds of the *Guise*
To set her off, and sell her to the King.

Mar. O Heav'ns! did ever Virgin yet attempt
An Enterprize like mine? I that resolv'd
Never to leave those dear delightful Shades,
But act the little Part that Nature gave me,
On the green Carpets of some guiltless Grove,
And having finish'd it, forsake the World,
Unless sometimes my Heart might entertain
Some small Remembrance of the taking *Guise*:
But that far, far from any darkning Thought,
To cloud my Honour, or eclipse my Virtue.

Grill. Thou ly'st, and if thou hadst not glanc'd aside,
And spy'd me coming, I had had it all.

Mar. By Heav'n, by all that's good——

Grill. Thou hast lost thy Honour.
Give me thy Hand, this Hand by which I caught thee
From the bold Russian in the Massacre,
That would have stain'd thy almost Infant Honour
With Lust, and Blood; dost thou remember it?

Mar. I do, and bless the godlike Arm that sav'd me.

Grill. 'Tis false, thou hast forgot my gen'rous Action;
And now thou laugh'st to think how thou hast cheated,
For all his Kindness, this old grissled Fool.

Mar. Forbid it, Heav'n!

Grill. But oh, that thou hadst dy'd
Ten Thousand Deaths, e'er blasted *Grillon's* Glory,
Grillon, that sav'd thee from a barb'rous World,
Where

Where thou hadst starv'd, or sold thy self for Bread,
Took thee into his Bosom, foster'd thee
As his own Soul, and lapt thee in his Heart-Strings;
And now for all my Cares, to serve me thus!
O 'tis too much, ye Powers! double Confusion
On all my Wars; and oh, out, shame upon thee,
It wrings the Tears from *Grillon's* iron Heart,
And melts me to a Babe.

Mar. Sir, Father, hear me;
I come to Court to save the Life of *Guise*.

Grill. And prostitute thy Honour to the King.

Mar. I have look'd, perhaps, too nicely for my Sex,
Into the dark Affairs of fatal State;
And to advance this dangerous Inquisition,
I listen'd to the Love of daring *Guise*.

Grill. By Arms, by Honesty, I swear thou lov'st him.

Mar. By Heav'n that gave those Arms Success, I
I do not, as you think; but take it all. (swear
I've heard the *Guise*, not with an Angel's Temper,
Something beyond the Tenderness of Pity;
And yet not Love.

Now, by the Powers that fram'd me, this is all;
Nor should the World have wrought this close Confession,
But to rebate your Jealousy of Honour.

Grill. I know not what to say, nor what to think;
There's Heav'n still in thy Voice, but that's a Sign
Virtue's departing, for thy better Angel
Still makes the Woman's Tongue his rising Ground,
Wags there a while, and takes his flight for ever.

Mar. You must not go.

Grill. Tho' I have Reason, plain
As Day, to judge thee false, I think thee true:
By Heav'n, methinks I see a Glory round thee;
There's something says thou wilt not lose thy Honour:
Death, and the Devil, that's my own Honesty:
My foolish open Nature, that would have
All like my self; but off, I'll hence and curse thee.

Mar. O stay!

Grill. I won't.

Mar. Hark, the King's a coming.

Let

The Duke of Guise.

41

Let me conjure you, for your own Soul's Quiet,
And for the everlasting Rest of mine,
Stir not till you have heard my Heart's Design.

Grill. Angel, or Devil, I will—nay, at this rate
She'll make me shortly bring him to her Bed,
Bawd for him? No, he shall make me run my Head
Into a Cannon, when 'tis firing first.
That's honourable Sport; but I'll retire,
And if she play me false, here's that shall mend her.

[*Marmoutier sits. Song and Dance.*]

Enter the King.

King. After the breathing of a Love-sick Heart,
Upon your Hand, once more, nay twice, forgive me.

Mar. I discompose you, Sir.

King. Thou dost, by Heav'n;
But with such charming Pleasure,
I love, and tremble, as at Angels view.

Mar. Love me, my Lord?

King. Who shou'd be lov'd, but you?
So lov'd, that even my Crown, and self are vile,
While you are by; try me upon despair,
My Kingdom at the stake, Ambition starv'd;
Revenge forgot, and all great Appetites
That whet uncommon Spirits to aspire;
So once a day I may have leave——
Nay, Madam, then you fear me.

Mar. Fear you, Sir? What is there dreadful in you?
You've all the Graces that can crown Mankind;
Yet wear 'em so, as if you did not know 'em:
So stainless, fearless, free in all your Actions,
As if Heav'n lent you to the World to pattern.

King. Madam, I find you're no Petitioner;
My People wou'd not treat me in this sort,
Tho' 'twere to gain a Part of their Design:
But to the *Guise* they deal their faithless Praise
As fast, as you your Flattery to me;
Tho' for what end I cannot guess, except
You come, like them, to mock at my Misfortunes.

Mar.

Mar. Forgive you, Heav'n, that Thought : No, mighty Monarch,

The Love of all the Good, and Wonder of the Great ;
I swear, by Heav'n, my Heart adores and loves you.

King. O, Madam, rise.

Mar. Nay, were you, Sir, unthron'd
By this seditious Rout that dare despise you ;
Blast all my Days, ye Powers, torment my Nights ;
Nay, let the Misery invade my Sex
That cou'd not for the Royal Cause, like me,
Throw all their Luxury before your Feet,
And follow you like Pilgrims thro' the World.

Grill. Sound Wind and Limb, 'fore God a gallant Girl.

King. What shall I answer to thee, O thou Balm
To heal a broken, yet a kingly Heart ?
For, so I swear I will be to my last :
Come to my Arms, and be thy *Harry's* Angel,
Shine thro' my Cares, and make my Crown fit easy.

Mar. O never, Sir.

King. What said you, *Marmoutier* ?
Why dost thou turn thy Beauties into Frowns ?

Mar. You know, Sir, 'tis impossible, no more.

King. No more—and with that stern resolv'd Beha-
By Heav'n, were I a dying, and the Priest (viour
Shou'd urge my last Confession, I'd cry out,
Oh *Marmoutier* ! and yet thou say'st, No more.

Mar. 'Tis well, Sir, I have lost my Aim, farewell.

King. Come back, O stay, my Life flows after you.

Mar. No, Sir, I find I am a trouble to you.
You will not hear my Suit.

King. You cannot go,
You sha'not—O your Suit, I kneel to grant it,
I beg you take whatever you demand.

Mar. Then, Sir, thus low, or prostrate, if you please
Let me intreat for *Guise*.

King. Ha, Madam, what !
For *Guise* ! for *Guise* ! that stubborn arrogant Rebel,
That laughs at proffer'd Mercy, flights his Pardon,

The Duke of Guise.

43

Mocks Royal Grace, and plots upon my Life?
Ha! and do you protect him? then the World
Is sworn to *Henry's* Death: Does Beauty too,
And Innocence it self, conspire against me?
Then let me tamely yield my Glories up,
Which once I vow'd with my drawn Sword to wear
To my last Drop of Blood. Come, *Guise*, come, Cardinal,
All you lov'd Traitors, come—I strip to meet you,
Sheath all your Daggers in curst *Henry's* Heart.

Mar. This I expected, but when you have heard
How far I would intreat your Majesty,
Perhaps you'll be more calm.

King. See, I'm hush'd;
Speak then, how far, Madam, would you command?

Mar. Not to proceed to last Extremities,
Before the Wound is desperate; think alone,
For no Man judges like your Majesty,
Take your own Methods, all the Heads of *France*
Cannot so well advise you, as your self:
Therefore resume, my Lord, your godlike Temper,
Yet do not bear more than a Monarch should:
Believe it, Sir, the more your Majesty
Draws back your Arm, the more of Fate it carries.

King. Thou Genius of my State, thou perfect Mo-
Of Heav'n it self, an Abstract of the Angels, (del
Forgive the late disturbance of my Soul;
I'm clear by Nature, as a Rockless Stream,
But they dig thro' the Gravel of my Heart;
Therefore let me conjure you do not go.
'Tis said the *Guise* will come, in spite of me;
Suppose it possible, and stay to advise me.

Mar. I will, but on your Royal Word, no more.

King. I will be easy
To my last Gasp, as your own Virgin Thoughts,
And never dare to breathe my Passion more;
Yet you'll allow me now and then to sigh
As we discourse, and court you with my Eyes.

Enter

*The Duke of Guise.**Enter Alphonso.*

Why do you wave your Hand,
 And warn me hence?
 So looks the poor condemn'd,
 When Justice beckons, there's no hope of Pardon.
 Sternly like you the Judge his Victim eyes;
 And thus, like me, the Wretch despairing dies.
[Exit with Alph]

Enter Grillon.

Grill. O rare, rare Creature! by the Power that made
 Wert possible we cou'd be damn'd again *(me,*
 By some new *Eve*, such Virtue might relieve us;
 O I cou'd clasp thee, but that my Arms are rough,
 Till all thy Sweets were broke with my Embraces,
 And kiss thy Beauties to a Dissolution.

Mar. Ah Father, Uncle, Brother, all the kin,
 The precious Blood that's left me in the World,
 Believe, dear Sir, whate'er my Actions seem,
 I will not lose my Virtue for a Throne.

Grill. Why, I will carve thee out a Throne my self
 I'll hew down all the Commonwealths in *Christendom*,
 And seat thee on their Necks, as high as Heav'n.

Enter Abbot Delbene.

Ab. Colonel, your Ear.

Mar. By these whispering Counsels,
 My Soul presages that the *Guise* is coming:
 If he dares come, were I a Man, a King,
 I'd sacrifice him in the City's fight.
 O Heav'ns! what was't I said? Were I a Man,
 I know not that, but as I am a Virgin,
 If I wou'd offer thee, too lovely *Guise*,
 It shou'd be kneeling to the Throne of Mercy.
 Ha! then thou lov'dst, that thou art thus concern'd;
 Down, rising Mischief, down, or I will kill thee,
Eve

The Duke of Guise.

45

Even in thy Cause, and strange new-born Pity :
Yet, if he were not married ! ha, what then ?
His Charms prevail ; no, let the Rebel die.
I faint beneath this strong Oppression here,
Reason and Love rend my divided Soul,
Heav'n be the Judge, and still let Virtue conquer ;
Love to his Tune my jarring Heart wou'd bring,
But Reason over-winds and cracks the String. [Exit.

Ab. The King dispatches Order upon Order,
With positive Command to stop his coming.

Yet there is Notice given to the City ;
Besides, *Bellieure* brought but a half account,
How that the *Guise* reply'd he would obey
His Majesty in all, yet if he might
Have leave to justify himself before him,
He doubted not his Cause.

Grill. The Ax, the Ax.

Rebellion's pamper'd to a Pleurisy,
And it must bleed.

[Shouts within.

Ab. Hark what a Shout was there !

I'll to the King, it may be 'tis reported
On purpose thus. Let there be Truth or Lyes
In this mad Fame, I'll bring you instant Word.

[Exit Abbot.

Manet Grillon : Enter *Guise*, *Cardinal Mayen*, *Malicorn*,
Attendants, &c. Shouts again.

Grill. Death and thou Devil *Malicorn*, is that
Thy Master ?

Gui. Yes *Grillon*, 'tis the *Guise*,
One that wou'd court you for a Friend.

Grill. A Friend !

Traitor, thou mean'st, and so I bid thee welcome ;
But since thou art so insolent, thy Blood
Be on thy Head, and fall by me unpitied. [Exit.

Gui. The Bruises of his Loyalty have craz'd him.
[Shouts louder.

Spirit

Spirit within Sings.

Malicorn, Malicorn, Malicorn, *ho!*
If the Guise resolves to go,
I charge, I warn thee let him know,
Perhaps his Head may lie too low.

Gui. Why, Malicorn?

Mal. (*starting.*) Sir, do not see the King.

Gui. I will.

Mal. 'Tis dangerous.

Gui. Therefore I will see him,

And so report my Danger to the People.
 Halt to your Judgement, let him, if he dare;
 But more, more, more, why, Malicorn, again?
 I thought a Look with us had been a Language;
 I'll talk my Mind on any Point but this
 By Glances; ha, not yet, thou mak'st me blush
 At thy Delay; why, Man, 'tis more than Life,
 Ambition, or a Crown.

Mal. What, Marmoutier!

Gui. Ay, there a General's Heart beats like a Drum,
 Quick, quick, my Reins, my Back, and Head, and
 Ake, as I'd been a Horse-back forty hours. (*Breast*)

Mal. She has seen the King.

Gui. I thought she might. A Trick upon me, well!

Mal. Passion o' both sides.

Gui. His, thou meanest.

Mal. On her's.

Down on her Knees.

Gui. And up again, no matter.

Mal. Now all in Tears, now smiling, sad at parting

Gui. Dissembled, for she told me this before,

'Twas all put on, that I might hear, and rave.

Mal. And so to make sure Work on't, by Consent
 Of Grillon, who is made their Bawd——

Gui. Away.

Mal. She's lodg'd at Court.

Gui. 'Tis false, they do belye her.

Mal. But, Sir, I saw the Apartment.

Gui

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King
Ab.

The Duke of Guise.

47

Gui. What, at Court?

Mal. At Court, and near the King; 'tis true, by Heav'n.
I never play'd you foul, why should you doubt me?

Gui. I wou'd thou hadst e'er thus unmann'd my Heart;
Blood, Battels, Fire and Death! I run, I run,
With this last Blow he drives me like a Coward;
Nay, let me never win a Field again,
If with the Thought of these irregular Vapours,
The Blood han't burst my Lips.

Card. Peace, Brother.

Gui. By Heav'n, I took thee for my Soul's Physician,
And dost thou vomit me with this loath'd Piece?

'Tis contradiction; no, my peaceful Brother,
I'll meet him now, tho' fire-arm'd Cherubins
Shou'd cross my way. O Jealousy of Love!
Greater than Fame; thou eldest of the Passions,
Or rather, all in one, I here invoke thee,
Where-e'er thou'rt thron'd, in Air, in Earth, or Hell,
Wing me to my Revenge, to Blood and Ruin.

Card. Have you no Temper?

Gui. Pray, Sir, give me leave,
A Moment's Thought; ha, but I sweat and tremble,
My Brain runs this and that way, 'twill not fix
On aught but Vengeance; *Malicorn*, call the People.

[*Shouts within.*]

But hark, they shout again, I'll on and meet 'em,
Nay, head 'em to his Palace as my Guards;
Yet more, on such exalted Causes born,
I'll wait him in his Cabinet alone,
And look him pale, while in his Courts without
The People shout him dead with their Alarms,
And make his Mistress tremble in his Arms. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter King and Council.

[*Shouts without.*]

King. What mean these Shouts?

Ab. I told your Majesty,

The

The Duke of Guise.

The Sheriffs have puff'd the Populace with hopes
Of their Deliverer. [Shouts again.]

King. Hark, there rung a Peal
Like Thunder; see *Alphonso* what's the Cause.

Enter Grillon.

Grill. My Lord, the *Guise* is come.

King. Is't possible! ha! *Grillon*, saidst thou, come?

Grill. Why droops the Royal Majesty? O Sir—

King. O Villain, Slave, wert thou my late-born Heir,
Giv'n me by Heav'n, ev'n when I lay a dying;
But Peace, thou festring Thought, and hide thy Wound;
Where is he?

Grill. With her Majesty, your Mother;
She has taken Chair, and he walks bowing by her,
With thirty thousand Rebels at his heels.

King. What's to be done? No pall upon my Spirits;
But he that loves me best, and dares the most
On this nice Point of Empire, let him speak.

Alph. I would advise you, Sir, to call him in,
And kill him instantly upon the spot.

Ab. I like *Alphonso's* Counsel, short, sure Work,
Cut off the Head, and let the Body walk.

Enter Queen-Mother.

Q.M. Sir, the *Guise* waits.

King. He enters on his Fate.

Q.M. Not so, forbear, the City's up in Arms;
Nor doubt, if in their Heat you cut him off,
That they will spare the Royal Majesty.
Once, Sir, let me advise, and rule your Fury.

King. You shall, I'll see him, and I'll spare him now.

Q.M. What will you say?

King. I know not,
Colonel *Grillon*, call the Archers in,
Double your Guards, and strictly charge the *Swiss*
Stand to their Arms, receive him as a Traitor. [*Ex. Grill.*]

My

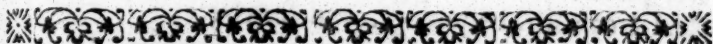
The Duke of Guise.

49

My Heart has set thee down, O *Guise*, in Blood,
Blood, Mother, Blood ne'er to be blotted out.

Q. M. Yet you'll relent, when this hot Fit is over.

King. If I forgive him, may I ne'er be forgiven;
No, if I tamely bear such Insolence,
What Act of Treason will the Villain stop at?
Seize me, they've sworn, imprison me's the next,
Perhaps arraign me, and then doom me dead;
But e'er I suffer that, fall all together,
Or rather, on their slaughter'd Heaps erect
Thy Throne, and then proclaim it for Example,
I'm born a Monarch; which implies alone
To wield the Scepter, and depend on none. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE the Louvre.

A Chair of State plac'd, the King appears sitting in it; a Table by him on which he leans, Attendants on each side of them: amongst the rest, Abbot, Grillon, and Bellieure. The Queen-Mother enters, led by the Duke of Guise, who makes his Approach with three Reverences to the King's Chair; after the third, the King rises, and coming forward, speaks.

King. Sent you word you should not come.



Gui. Sir, that I came——

King. Why, that you came, I see.
Once more, I sent you word, you should
not come.

Gui. Not come to throw my self with all Submission,
Beneath your Royal Feet, to put my Cause
And Person in the hands of Sovereign Justice!

King. Now 'tis with all Submission, that's the Preface,
Yet still you came against my strict Command,

VOL. II.

P

You

The Duke of Guise.

You disobey'd me, Duke, with all Submission.

Gui. Sir, it was the last Necessity that drove me
To clear my self of Calumnies and Slanders,
Much urg'd, but never prov'd against my Innocence;
Yet had I known it was your exprefs Command,
I shou'd not have approach'd.

King. 'Twas as exprefs, as words could signify;
Stand forth *Bellicure*, it shall be prov'd you knew it.
Stand forth, and to this false Man's Face declare
Your Message, word for word.

Bell. Sir, thus it was; I met him on the way,
And plain as I could speak, I gave your Orders,
Just in these following Words—

King. Enough, I know you told him;
But he has us'd me long to be condemn'd;
And I can still be patient, and forgive.

Gui. And I can ask Forgiveness when I err;
But let my gracious Master please to know
The true Intent of my misconstru'd Faith.
Should I not come to vindicate my Fame
From wrong Constructions? And—

King. Come, Duke, you were not wrong'd, your
Conscience knows

You were not wrong'd; were you not plainly told
That if you dar'd to set your Foot in *Paris*,
You should be held the Cause of all Commotions,
That shou'd from thence ensue? and yet you came. (me?)

Gui. Sir, will you please with Patience but to hear

King. I will, and wou'd be glad, my Lord of *Guise*,
To clear you to my self.

Gui. I had been told
There were in agitation here at Court,
Things of the highest note against Religion,
Against the common Properties of Subjects,
And Lives of honest well-affected Men;
I therefore judg'd—

King. Then you it seems are Judge
Betwixt the Prince and People, Judge for them,
And Champion against me?

Gui.

Ma.

King.

To mo

The Duke of Guise.

51

Gui. I fear'd it might be represented so,
And came resolv'd——

King. To head the factious Croud.

Gui. To clear my Innocence.

King. The Means for that,

Had been your Absence from this hot-brain'd Town—
Where you, not I, are King——

I feel my Blood kindling within my Veins,
The Genius of the Throne knocks at my Heart;
Come what may come he dies.

Q.M. *stopping the King.* What mean you, Sir?
You tremble and look pale, for Heav'n's sake think,
'Tis your own Life you venture, if you kill him.

King. Had I ten thousand Lives, I'd venture all.
Give me way, Madam.

Q.M. Not to your Destruction.
The whole *Parisian* Herd is at your Gates;
A Croud's a Name too small, they are a Nation,
Numberless, arm'd, enrag'd, one Soul informs 'em.

King. And that one Soul's the *Guise*, I'll rend it out,
And damn the Rabble all at once in him.

Gui. [*aside.*] My Fate is i'th' Ballance, Fool within,
I thank thee for thy Foresight.

Q.M. Your Guards oppose 'em.

King. Why not? a Multitude's a bulky Coward.

Q.M. By Heav'n there are not Limbs in all your Guards
For every one a Morfel.

King. *Cæsar* quell'd 'em,
But with a Look a Word.

Q.M. So *Galba* thought.

King. But *Galba* was not *Cæsar*.

Gui. I must not give 'em time for Resolution. [*Aside.*
My Journey, Sir, has discompos'd my Health. [*To the*
I humbly beg your leave I may retire, (*King.*
Till your Commands recall me to your Service. [*Ex. Gui.*

Manent King, Queen-Mother, Grillon, Abbot.

Gui. King. So, you have counsell'd well; the Traitor's gone
To mock the Meekness of an injur'd King. [*To Q.M.*
P 2 Why

The Duke of Guise.

Why did not you, who gave me part of Life,
 Infuse my Father stronger in my Veins?
 But when you kept me coop'd within your Womb,
 You pall'd his generous Blood with the dull Mixture
 Of your *Italian* Food, and milk'd slow Arts
 Of Womanish Tameness in my Infant Mouth:
 Why stood I stupid else, and miss'd a Blow,
 Which Heav'n and daring Folly made so fair?

Q.M. I still maintain 'twas wisely done to spare him.

Grill. A pox o'this unseasonable Wisdom;
 He was a Fool to come; if so, then they
 Who let him go, were somewhat.

King. Th'Event, th'Event will shew us what we were.
 For like a blazing Meteor hence he shot,
 And drew a sweeping fiery Train along.
 O *Paris, Paris*, once my Seat of Triumph,
 But now the Scene of all thy King's Misfortunes,
 Ungrateful, perjur'd, and disloyal Town,
 Which by my Royal Presence I have warm'd
 So long, that now the Serpent hisses out,
 And shakes his forked Tongue at Majesty.
 While I——

Q.M. While you lose time in idle Talk,
 And use no means for Safety and Prevention?

King. What can I do? O Mother, *Abbot, Grillon!*
 All dumb! nay, then 'tis plain my Cause is desperate.
 Such an o'erwhelming Ill makes Grief a Fool,
 As if Redress were past.

Grill. I'll go to the next Sheriff,
 And beg the first Reversion of a Rope;
 Dispatch is all my Business, I'll hang for you.

Abb. 'Tis not so bad, as vainly you surmise;
 Some space there is, some little space, some steps
 Betwixt our Fate and us; our Foes are powerful,
 But yet not arm'd, nor martial'd into Order:
 Believe it, Sir, the *Guise* will not attempt,
 'Till he have roll'd his Snow-ball to a heap.

King. So then, my Lord, we're a Day off from Death,
 What shall to-morrow do?

Abb.

The Duke of Guise.

53

Abb. To-morrow, Sir,
If Hours between slide not too idly by,
You may be Master of their Destiny,
Who now dispose so loftily of your's.
Not far without the Suburbs there are quarter'd
Three thousand *Swiss*, and two *French* Regiments.

King. Wou'd they were here, and I were at their Head.

Q. M. Send Marechal *Byron* to lead 'em up.

King. It shall be so, by Heav'n there's Life in this;
The wrack of Clouds is driving on the Winds,
And shows a break of Sun-shine.

Go, *Grillon*, give my Orders to *Byron*,
And see your Soldiers well dispos'd within,
For safeguard of the *Louvre*.

Q. M. One thing more,
The *Guise* (his Bus'ness not yet fully ripe)
Will treat at least for show of Loyalty;
Let him be met with the same Arts he brings.

King. I know he'll make exorbitant Demands,
But here your part of me will come in play;
Th' *Italian* Soul shall teach me how to sooth:
Ev'n *Jove* must flatter with an empty Hand,
'Tis time to thunder when he gripes the Brand. [Ex.

A Night SCENE.

Enter Malicorn.

Mal. Thus far the Cause of God: but God's or Devil's,
I mean my Master's Cause, and mine succeed:
What shall the *Guise* do next? [A flash of Lightning.

Enter the Spirit Melanax.

Mel. First seize the King, and after murder him.

Mal. Officious Fiend, thou com'st uncalled to-night.

Mel. Always uncalled, and still at hand for Mischief.

Mal. ——— But why in this fanatick Habit, Devil?
Thou look'st like one that preaches to the Croud;

The Duke of Guise.

Gospel is in thy Face, and outward Garb,
And Treason on thy Tongue.

Mel. Thou hast me right,
Ten thousand Devils more are in this Habit,
Saintship and Zeal are still our best Disguise:
We mix unknown with the hot thoughtless Croud,
And quoting Scriptures, which too well we know,
With impious Glosses ban the holy Text,
And make it speak Rebellion, Schism, Murder;
So turn the Arms of Heav'n against it self.

Mal. What makes the Curate of St. *Eustace* here?

Mel. Thou art mistaken, Master, 'tis not he,
But 'tis a zealous, godly, canting Devil,
Who has assum'd the Churchman's lucky Shape,
To talk the Croud to Madness, and Rebellion.

Mal. O true Enthusiastick Devil, true!
For Lying is thy Nature, ev'n to me:
Didst thou not tell me, if my Lord the *Guise*
Enter'd the Court, his Head shou'd lie too low?
That was a Lye; he went, and is return'd.

Mel. 'Tis false; I said, perhaps it should lie low.
And, but I chill'd the Blood in *Henry's* Veins,
And cramm'd a thousand ghastly, frightful Thoughts,
Nay, thrust 'em foremost in his lab'ring Brain,
Ev'n so it wou'd have been.

Mal. Thou hast deserv'd me,
And I am thine, dear Devil; what do we next?

Mel. I said, First seize the King.

Mal. Suppose it done,
He's clapt within a Convent, shorn a Saint,
My Master mounts the Throne.

Mel. Not so fast, *Malicorn*;
Thy Master mounts not till the King be slain.

Mal. Not when depos'd?

Mel. He cannot be depos'd.
He may be kill'd, a violent Fate attends him;
But at his Birth there shone a Regal Star.

Mal. My Master had a stronger.

Mel. No, not a stronger, but more popular:
Their Births were full oppos'd, the *Guise* now strongest,
But

The Duke of Guise.

55

But if th' ill Influence pass o'er *Harry's* Head,
As in a Year it will, *France* ne'er shall boast
A greater King than he; now cut him off,
While yet his Stars are weak.

Mal. Thou talk'st of Stars:
Canst thou not see more deep into Events,
And by a surer way?

Mel. No, *Malicorn*,
The ways of Heav'n are broken since our Fall,
Gulph beyond Gulph, and never to be shot:
Once we cou'd read our mighty Maker's Mind,
As in a Cryſtal Mirror, see th' Ideas
Of things that always are, as he is always:
Now shut below in this dark Sphere,
By second Causes dimly we may guess,
And peep far off on Heav'n's revolving Orbs,
Which cast obscure Reflections from the Throne.

Mal. Then tell me thy Surmises of the future.

Mel. I took the Revolution of the Year,
Just when the Sun was entering the Ram:
Th' ascending Scorpion poison'd all the Sky,
A sign of deep Deceit and Treachery.
Full on his Cup his angry Master sat,
Conjoin'd with *Saturn*, baleful both to Man:
Of secret Slaughters, Empires overturn'd,
Strife, Blood, and Massacres, expect to hear,
And all th'Events of an ill-omen'd Year.

Mal. Then flourish Hell, and mighty Mischief reign,
Mischief to some, to others must be good;
But hark, for now tho' 'tis the dead of Night,
When Silence broods upon our darken'd World,
Methinks I hear the murmuring hollow Sound,
Like the deaf Chimes of Bells in Steeples touch'd.

Mel. 'Tis truly guess'd:
But know, 'tis from no nightly Sexton's hand,
There's not a damned Ghost, nor hell-born Fiend,
That can from Limbo scape, but hither flies,
With leathern Wings they beat the dusky Skies.
To sacred Churches all in swarms repair,

Some croud the Spires, but most the hallow'd Bells,
 And softly toll for Souls departing Knells;
 Each Chime, thou hear'st, a future Death foretels.
 Now there they perch to have 'em in their Eyes,
 'Till all go loaded to the nether Skies.

Mal. To-morrow then.

Mel. To-morrow let it be:

Or thou deceiv'st those hungry gaping Fiends,
 And *Beelzebub* will rage.

Mal. Why *Beelzebub*? hast thou not often said,
 That *Lucifer*'s your King?

Mel. I told thee true:

But *Lucifer*, as he who foremost fell,
 So now lies lowest in th' Abyss of Hell;
 Chain'd till the dreadful Doom, in place of whom
 Sits *Beelzebub*, Vicegerent of the Damn'd,
 Who listning downward hears his roaring Lord,
 And executes his Purpose. But no more,
 The Morning creeps behind yon Eastern Hill;
 And now the Guard is mine, to drive the Elves
 And foolish Fairies from their Moon-light Play,
 And lash the Laggards from the sight of Day. [*Descends.*]

Enter Guise, Mayenne, Cardinal, and Archbishop.

May. Sullen, methinks, and slow the Morning breaks,
 As if the Sun were listless to appear,
 And dark Designs hung heavy on the Day.

Gui. Y'are an old Man too soon, y'are superstitious,
 I'll trust my Stars, I know 'em now by proof,
 The Genius of the King bends under mine:
 Inviron'd with his Guards, he durst not touch me;
 But aw'd and craven'd as he had been spell'd,
 Would have pronounc'd, Go kill the *Guise*, and durst not.

Card. We have him in our power, coopt in his Court.
 Who leads the first Attack? Now by yon Heav'n—
 That blushes at my Scarlet Robes, I'll doff
 This womanish Attire of Godly Peace,
 And cry, Lie there, Lord Cardinal of *Guise*.

Gui.

The Duke of Guise.

57

Gui. As much too hot, as *Mayenne* too cool,
But 'tis the manlier Fault o'th' two.

Archb. Have you not heard the King, preventing
Receiv'd the Guards into the City Gates, (Day
The jolly *Swisses* marching to their Fifes?
The Croud stood gaping, heartless, and amaz'd,
Shrunk to their Shops, and left the Passage free.

Gui. I would it should be so, 'twas a good horror,
First let 'em fear for Rapes, and ranfack'd Houses;
That very fright, when I appear to head 'em,
Will harden their soft City Courages:
Cold Burghers must be struck, and struck like Flints,
E'er their hid Fire will sparkle.

Archb. I am glad the King has introduc'd these
Car. Your Reason. (Guards.

Archb. They are too few for us to fear.
Our Numbers in old martial Men are more,
The City not cast in; but the pretence
That hither they are brought to bridle *Paris*,
Will make this Rising pass for just Defence.

May. Suppose the City should not rise.

Gui. Suppose as well the Sun should never rise:
He may not rise, for Heav'n may play a trick;
But he has risen from *Adam's* time to ours.
Is nothing to be left to noble Hazard?
No Venture made, but all dull Certainty?
By Heav'n I'll tug with *Harry* for a Crown,
Rather than have it on tame Terms of yielding.
I scorn to poach for Power.

Enter a Servant, who whispers Guise.

A Lady, say'st thou, young, and beautiful,
Brought in a Chair?

Conduct her in——

[Exit Serv.]

Card. You wou'd be left alone?

Gui. I wou'd: Retire.

Re-enter Servant with Marmoutier, and Exit.

Is't possible, I dare not trust my Eyes: [*Starting back.*
You are not *Marmoutier*!

Mar. What am I then?

Gui. Why, any thing but she:

What should the Mistress of a King do here?

Mar. Find him who wou'd be Master of a King.

Gui. I sent not for you, Madam.

Mar. I think, my Lord, the King sent not for you.

Gui. Do you not fear your Visit will be known?

Mar. Fear is for guilty Men, Rebels and Traytors;
Where-e'er I go, my Virtue is my Guard.

Gui. What Devil has sent thee here to plague my
O that I cou'd detest thee now as much (Soul?)

As ever I have lov'd, nay, even as much

As yet in spite of all thy Crimes I love:

But 'tis a Love so mix'd with dark Despair,

The Smoke and Soot smother the rising Flame,

And make my Soul a Furnace: Woman, Woman,

What can I call thee more? if Devil, 'twere less.

Sure thine's a Race was never got by *Adam*;

But *Eve* play'd false, engend'ring with the Serpent,

Her own part worse than his.

Mar. Then they got Traytors.

Gui. Yes, Angel-Traytors, fit to shine in Palaces,
Fork'd into Ills, and split into Deceits;

Two in their very frame: 'twas well, 'twas well,

I saw not thee at Court, thou Basilisk;

For if I had, those Eyes, without his Guards,

Had done the Tyrant's work.

Mar. Why then, it seems,

I was not false in all; I told you, *Guise*,

If you left *Paris*, I would go to Court:

You see I kept my Promise.

Gui. Still thy Sex:

Once true in all thy Life, and that for Mischief.

Mar. Have I said I lov'd you?

Gui.

Gui. Stab on, stab,
'Tis plain you love the King.

Mar. Nor him, nor you,
In that unlawful way you seem to mean.
My Eyes had once so far betray'd my Heart,
As to distinguish you from common Men;
Whate'er you said, or did, was charming all. (ing.

Gui. But yet, it seems, you found a King more charm-

Mar. I do not say more charming, but more noble,
More truly royal, more a King in Soul,
Than you are now in Wishes.

Gui. May be so:
But Love has oil'd your Tongue to run so glib,
Curse on your Eloquence.

Mar. Curse not that Eloquence, that sav'd your Life:
For when your wild Ambition, which defy'd
A Royal Mandate, hurried you to Town;
When over-weening Pride of Popular Power,
Had thrust you headlong in the *Louvre* Toils,
Then had you dy'd: For know, my haughty Lord,
Had I not been, offended Majesty
Had doom'd you to the Death you well deserv'd.

Gui. Then was't not *Henry's* Fear preserv'd my Life?

Mar. You know him better, or you ought to know him:
He's born to give you Fear, not to receive it.

Gui. Say this again, but add you gave not up
Your Honour as a Ransom of my Life;
For if you did, 'twere better I had dy'd.

Mar. And so it were.

Gui. Why said you, so it were?
For tho' 'tis true, methinks 'tis much unkind.

Mar. My Lord, we are not now to talk of Kindness;
If you acknowledge I have sav'd your Life,
Be grateful in return, and do an Act
Your Honour, tho' unask'd by me, requires.

Gui. By Heav'n, and you whom next to Heav'n I
(If I said more, I fear I should not lye) (love,
I'll do whate'er my Honour will permit.

Mar. Go throw your self at *Henry's* Royal Feet,
And rise not, 'till approv'd a Loyal Subject.

Gui.

The Duke of Guise.

Gui. A dutious loyal Subject I was ever.

Mar. I'll put it short, my Lord, depart from *Paris*.

Gui. I cannot leave

My Country, Friends, Religion, all at stake;
Be wise, and be before-hand with your Fortune;
Prevent the turn, forsake the ruin'd Court;
Stay here, and make a Merit of your Love.

Mar. No, I'll return, and perish in those Ruins;
I find thee now, ambitious, faithless *Guise*:
Farewel the basest, and the worst of Men.

Gui. Stay, or—O Heav'n! I'll force you: stay—

Mar. I do believe

So ill of you, so villainously ill,
That if you durst you would:
Honour you've little, Honesty you've less;
But Conscience you have none.
Yet there's a thing call'd Fame, and Mens Esteem,
Preserves me from your Force; once more farewell:
Look on me, *Guise*, thou seest me now the last,
Tho' Treason urge not Thunder on thy Head,
This once departing Glance shall flash thee dead. [*Exit.*]

Gui. Ha! said she true? have I so little Honour?
Why then a Prize so easy, and so fair,
Had never 'scap'd my Gripe: but mine she is,
For that's set down as sure as *Harry's* Fall.
But my Ambition, that she calls my Crime:
False, false, by Fate, my Right was born with me,
And Heav'n confess'd it in my Frame;
The Fires that would have form'd ten thousand Angels,
Were cram'd together for my single Soul.

Enter Malicorn.

Mal. My Lord, you trifle precious Hours away,
The Heav'ns look gaudily upon your Greatness,
And the crown'd Moments court you as they fly;
Brisack and the fierce *Aumale* have pent the *Swiss*,
And folded 'em like Sheep in holy Ground,
Where now with order'd Pikes, and Colours furl'd,
They

The Duke of Guise.

61

They wait the Word that dooms 'em all to die :
Come forth and bleſs the Triumph of the Day.

Gui. So ſlight a Victory requir'd not me :
I but ſat ſtill, and nodded like a God
My World into Creation ; now 'tis Time
To walk abroad, and careleſſly ſurvey
How the dull Matter does the Form obey.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Citizens, and Melanax in his fanatick Habit
at the Head of 'em.*

Mel. Hold, hold a little, Fellow-Citizens, and you
Gentlemen of the Rabble ; a word of godly Exhortation
to ſtrengthen your Hands, e'er you give the Onſet.

1 Cit. Is this a time to make Sermons ? I wou'd not
hear the Devil now, tho' he ſhould come in God's name
to preach Peace to us.

2 Cit. Look you, Gentlemen, Sermons are not to be
deſpis'd, we have all profited by godly Sermons that pro-
mote Sedition. Let the precious Man hold forth.

Omnes. Let him hold forth, let him hold forth.

Mel. To promote Sedition is my Buſineſs : It has
been ſo before any of you were born, and will be ſo
when you are all dead and damn'd ; I have led on the
Rabble in all Ages.

1 Cit. That's a Lye, and a loud one.

2 Cit. He has led the Rabble both old and young, that's
all Ages : A heav'nly ſweet Man, I warrant him, I
have ſeen him ſomewhere in a Pulpit.

Mel. I've ſown Rebellion every where.

1 Cit. How, every where ? That's another Lye : How
far have you travell'd, Friend ?

Mel. Over all the World.

1 Cit. That's a Rapper.

2 Cit. I ſay, no : For, look you Gentlemen, if he
has been a Traveller, he certainly ſays true, for he may
lye by Authority.

Mel. That the Rabble may depoſe their Prince, has in
all Times, and in all Countries, been accounted lawful.

1 Cit.

1 *Cit.* That's the first true Syllable he has utter'd : But as how, and whereby, and when may they depose him ?

Mel. Whenever they have more Power to depose, than he has to oppose ; and this they may do upon the least occasion.

1 *Cit.* Sirrah, you mince the Matter ; you should say, we may do it upon no occasion, for the less the better.

Mel. Aside. Here's a Rogue now will out-shoot the Devil in his own Bow.

2 *Cit.* Some Occasion, in my mind, were not amiss : For, look you Gentlemen, if we have no occasion, then we have no occasion whereby to depose him ; and therefore either Religion or Liberty, I stick to those occasions : For when they are gone, Good-night to Godliness and Freedom.

Mel. When the most are of one side, as that's our Case, we are always in the Right ; for they that are in Power will ever be the Judges : So that if we say, White is Black, poor White must lose the Cause, and put on Mourning ; for White is but a single Syllable, and we are a whole Sentence : Therefore go on boldly, and lay on resolutely, for your solemn League and Covenant ; and if here be any squeamish Conscience who fears to fight against the King, tho' I that have known you Citizens these thousand Years suspect not any, let such understand, That his Majesty's politick Capacity is to be distinguish'd from his natural ; and tho' you murder him in one, you may preserve him in the other : and so much for this time, because the Enemy is at hand.

2 *Cit.* [*Looking out.*] Look you, Gentlemen, 'tis *Grillon* the fierce Colonel, he that devours our Wives, and ravishes our Children.

1 *Cit.* He looks so grum, I don't care to have to do with him ; wou'd I were safe in my Shop behind the Compter.

2 *Cit.* And wou'd I were under my Wife's Petticoats. Look you, Gentlemen.

Mel. You, Neighbour, behind your Compter, yesterday paid a Bill of Exchange in *Glass Louis d'ors* ; and
you,

The Duke of Guise.

63

you, Friend, that cry, Look you Gentlemen, this very Morning was under another Woman's Petticoats, and not your Wife's.

2 *Cit.* How the Devil does he know this?

Mel. Therefore fight lustily for the Cause of Heav'n, and to make even Tallies for your Sins, which that you may do with a better Conscience, I absolve you both, and all the rest of you: Now go on merrily, for those that escape shall avoid killing; and those who do not escape, I will provide for in another World.

[*Cry within on the other side of the Stage, Vive le Roy, Vive le Roy.*

Enter Grillon, and his Party.

Grill. Come on, Fellow-Soldiers, *Commilitones*, that's my Word, as 'twas *Julius Cæsar's* of Pagan Memory; 'fore God I am no Speech-maker, but there are the Rogues, and here's Bilbo, that's a Word and a Blow, we must either cut their Throats, or they cut ours, that's pure Necessity for your comfort: Now if any Man can be so unkind to his own Body, for I meddle not with your Souls, as to stand still like a good Christian, and offer his Weefson to a Butcher's Whittle, I say no more, but that he may be fav'd, and that's the best can come on him.

[*Cry on both Sides, Vive le Roy, Vive Guise. They fight.*

Mel. Hey for the Duke of *Guise* and Property, up with Religion and the Cause, and down with those arbitrary Rogues there: Stand to't, you associated Cuckolds.

[*Citizens go back.*

O Rogues, O Cowards, damn these half-strain'd Shopkeepers, got between Gentlemen and City-Wives, how naturally they quake, and run away from their own Fathers? twenty Souls a Penny were a dear Bargain of 'em.

[*They all run off, Melanax with them, the 1 and 2 Citizens taken.*

Grill. Possess yourselves of the Place, *Maubert*, And hang me up those two Rogues for an Example.

1 *Cit.*

1 *Cit.* O spare me, sweet Colonel, I am but a young Beginner, and new set up.

Grill. I'll be your Customer, and set you up a little Go hang him at the next Sign-post: (better, Sirrah; What have you to say for yourself, Scoundrel? Why were you a Rebel?

2 *Cit.* Look you, Colonel, 'twas out of no ill Meaning to the Government; all that I did was pure Obedience to my Wife.

Grill. Nay, if thou hast a Wife that wears the Breeches, Thou shalt be condemn'd to live: Get thee home for a hen-peck'd Traytor—— What, are we encompass'd? Nay, then face this way; We'll sell our Skins to the fairest Chapmen.

Enter Aumale and Soldiers on the one side, Citizens on the other. Grillon and his Party are disarm'd.

1 *Cit.* Bear away that bloody-minded Colonel, and hang him up at the next Sign-post: Nay, when I am in Power, I can make Examples too.

Omnes. Tear him piece-meal, tear him piece-meal. [*Pull and hale him.*]

Grill. Rogues, Villains, Rebels, Traitors, Cuckolds; 'twounds what do you make of a Man? Do you think Legs and Arms are strung upon a Wire, like a Jointed-Baby? Carry me off quickly, you were best, and hang me decently, according to my first Sentence.

2 *Cit.* Look you, Colonel, you are too bulky to be carried off all at once, a Leg or an Arm is one Man's Burden: Give me a little Finger for a Sample of him, whereby I'll carry it for a Token to my sovereign Lady.

Grill. 'Tis too little, in all Conscience for her; Take a bigger Token, Cuckold. *Et tu Brute*, whom I O the Conscience of a Shopkeeper! (sav'd;

2 *Cit.* Look you, Colonel, for your saving me, I thank you heartily, whereby that Debt's paid; but for your speaking Treason against my anointed Wife, that's a new Reckoning between us.

Enter

The Duke of Guise.

65

Enter Guise with a General's Staff in his hand, Mayenne, Cardinal, Archbishop, Malicorn, and Attendants.

Omnes. Vive Guise.

Gui. I thank you, Countrymen, the hand of Heav'n
[*Bowing and Barseheaded.*]

In all our Safeties has appear'd this Day,
Stand on your Guard, and double every Watch,
But stain your Triumph with no Christian Blood,
French we are all, and Brothers of a Land.

Card. What mean you, Brother, by this godly Talk,
Of sparing Christian Blood? why these are Dogs:
Now by the Sword that cut off *Malchus'* Ear,
Mere Dogs, that neither can be sav'd nor damn'd.

Archb. Where have you learnt to spare inveterate Foes?

Gui. You know the Book.

Archb. And can expound it too:

But Christian Faith was in the Nonage then,
And *Roman* Heathens lorded o'er the World:
What Madness were it for the Weak and Few,
To fight against the Many and the Strong?
Grillon must die, so must the Tyrant's Guards,
Left gathering head again, they make more Work.

Mal. My Lord, the People must be flesh'd in Blood,
To teach 'em the true Relish, dip 'em with you—
Or they'll perhaps repent

Gui. You are Fools! to kill 'em were to shew I fear'd
The Court disarm'd, disheartned, and besieg'd, ('em:
Are all as much within my power, as if
I grip'd 'em in my Fist.

May. 'Tis rightly judg'd:

And let me add, who heads a popular Cause,
Must prosecute that Cause by popular Ways;
So whether you are merciful or no,
You must affect to be.

Gui. Dismiss those Prisoners; *Grillon*, you are free,
I do not ask your Love, be still my Foe.

Grill. I will be so: But let me tell you, *Guise*,
As this was greatly done, 'twas proudly too;

I'll

I'll give you back your Life when next we meet,
'Till then I am your Debtor.

Gui. That's 'till Doom's-day.

[*Grillon and his* *Exeunt one way, Rabble the other.*

Haste, Brother, draw out fifteen thousand Men,
Surround the *Louvre*, lest the Prey should 'scape.
I know the King will send to treat,
We'll set the Dice on him in high Demands,
No less than all his Offices of Trust,
He shall be par'd, and canton'd out, and clip'd,
So long he shall not pass.

Card. What do we talk

Of paring, clipping, and such tedious Work,
Like those who hang their Noses o'er a Potion,
And qualm, and keck, and take it down by Sips?

Archb. Best make advantage of this popular Rage,
Let in th' o'erwhelming Tide on *Harry's* Head.
In that promiscuous Fury who shall know,
Among a thousand Swords, who kill'd the King?

Mar. O my dear Lord, upon this only Day
Depends the Series of your following Fate:
Think your good Genius has assum'd my Shape,
In this Prophetick Doom.

Gui. Peace, croaking Raven,
I'll seize him first, then make him a led Monarch;
I'll be declar'd Lieutenant-General,
Amidst the three Estates that represent
The glorious, full, majestick Face of *France*,
Which in his own despite the King shall call:
So let him reign my Tenant during Life,
His Brother of *Navarre* shut out for ever,
Branded with Heresy, and barr'd from Sway,
That when *Valois* consum'd in Ashes lies,
The *Phoenix* Race of *Charlemain* may rise.. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE, *The Louvre.*

Enter King, Queen-Mother, Abbot, Grillon.

King. Dismiss with such Contempt?

Grill. Yes, faith, we past like beaten *Romans* underneath the Fork

King. Give me my Arms.

Grill. For what?

King. I'll lead you on.

Grill. You are a true Lion, but my Men are Sheep;
If you run first, I'll swear they'll follow you.

King. What all turn'd Cowards? Not a Man in *France*,
Dares set his Foot by mine, and perish by me? (*ing.*)

Grill. Troth, I can't find 'em much inclin'd to perish.

King. What can be left in Danger, but to dare?
No matter for my Arms, I'll go barefac'd,
And seize the first bold Rebel that I meet.

Ab. There's something of Divinity in Kings,
That sits between their Eyes, and guards their Life.

Grill. True, Abbot, but the mischief is, you Church-
Can see that something farther than the Croud; (*men*)
These Masquet Bullets have not read much Logick,
Nor are they given to make your nice Distinctions:

[*One enters, and gives the Queen a Note, she reads.*]
One of 'em possibly may hit the King
In some one part of him that's not divine;
And so the mortal part of his Majesty wou'd draw
The Divinity of it into another World, sweet Abbot.

Q. M. 'Tis equal Madnes to go out or stay:
The Reverence due to Kings is all transferr'd
To haughty *Guise*, and when new Gods are made,
The old must quit the Temple; you must fly.

King. Death, had I Wings, yet I would scorn to fly.

Grill. Wings, or no Wings, is not the Question:
If you won't fly for't, you must ride for't,
And that comes much to one.

King. Forsake my regal Town!

Q. M. Forsake a Bedlam!

This

This Note informs me, fifteen thousand Men
Are marching to enclose the *Lowvre* round.

Ab. The Business then admits no more dispute;
You, Madam, must be pleas'd to find the *Guise*,
Seem easy, fearful, yielding, what you will;
But still prolong the Treaty all you can,
To gain the King more Time for his Escape.

Q. M. I'll undertake it—Nay, no Thanks, my Son,
My Blessing shall be given in your Deliverance;
That once perform'd, their Web is all unravel'd,
And *Guise* is to begin his Work again. [*Exit Q. M.*]

King. I go this Minute.

Enter Marmoutier.

Nay then, another Minute must be given.
O how I blush, that thou shouldst see the King
Do this low Act, that lessens all his Fame:
Death, must a Rebel force me from my Love!
If it must be —

Mar. It must not, cannot be.

Grill. No, nor shall not, Wench, as long as my Soul
wears a Body.

King. Secure in that, I'll trust thee; shall I trust thee?
For Conquerors have Charms, and Women Frailty:
Farewel, thou mayst behold me King again,
My Soul's not yet depos'd, why then Farewel,
I'll say't as comfortably as I can:
But oh, curs'd *Guise*, for pressing on my Time,
And cutting off ten thousand more Adieus.

Mar. The Moments that retard your Flight are Tray-
Make haste, my royal Master, to be safe, (tors.)
And save me with you, for I'll share your Fate.

King. Wilt thou go too?

Then I am reconcil'd to Heav'n again:
O welcome, thou good Angel of my Way,
Thou Pledge and Omen of my safe Return:
Not *Greece*, nor hostile *Juno* could destroy
The Hero that abandon'd burning *Troy*,

He 'scap'd the Dangers of the dreadful Night,
When loaded with his Gods he took his Flight.

[*Ex. King leading her.*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Castle of Blois.*

Enter Grillon, and Alphonso Corso.

Grillon  Elcome, Colonel, welcome to *Blois*.

Alph. Since last we parted at the
Barricadoes,

The World's turn'd upside up.

Grill. No, faith, 'tis better, now 'tis
downside up;

Our Part of the Wheel is rising, tho' but slowly.

Alph. Who look'd for an Assembly of the States?

Grill. When the King was escap'd from *Paris*, and
got out of thy Toils, 'twas time for the *Guise* to take 'em
down, and pitch others, that is, to treat for the Calling
of a Parliament, where being sure of the major Part, he
might get by Law what he had missed by Force.

Alph. But why should the King assemble the States, to
satisfy the *Guise* after so many Affronts?

Grill. For the same Reason that a Man in a Duel says
he has received Satisfaction, when he is first wounded,
and afterwards disarm'd. (ris?)

Alph. But why this Parliament at *Blois*, and not at *Pa-*

Grill. Because no Barricado's have been made at *Blois*:
This *Blois* is a very little Town, and the King can draw
it after him.

But *Paris* is a damn'd unwieldy Bulk, and when the
Preachers draw against the King, a Parson in a Pulpit
is a devilish Fore-horse.

Besides, I found in that Insurrection, what dangerous
Beasts these Townsmen are; I tell you, Colonel, a Man
had

had better deal with ten of their Wives, than with one zealous Citizen.

O your inspir'd Cuckold is most implacable.

Alph. Is there any seeming Kindness between the King and the Duke of *Guise*?

Grill. Yes, most wonderful: they are as dear to one another, as an old Usurer and a rich young Heir upon a Mortgage. The King is very loyal to the *Guise*, and the *Guise* is very gracious to the King: Then the Cardinal of *Guise* and the Archbishop of *Lions*, are the two Pendants that are always hanging at the royal Ear: They ease his Majesty of all the Spiritual Business, and the *Guise* of all the Temporal; so that the King is certainly the happiest Prince in *Christendom*, without any Care upon him: So yielding up every thing to his loyal Subjects, that he's infallibly in the way of being the greatest and most glorious King in all the World.

Alph. Yet I have heard, he made a sharp reflecting Speech upon their Party at the Opening of the Parliament, admonish'd Men of their Duties, pardon'd what was past, but seem'd to threaten Vengeance if they persisted for the future.

Grill. Yes, and then they all took the Sacrament together: He promising to unite himself to them, and they to obey him, according to the Laws: yet the very next Morning they went on, in pursuance of their old Commonwealth Designs, as violently as ever.

Alph. Now I am dull enough to think they have broken their Oaths.

Grill. Ay, but you are but one private Man, and they are the Three States; and if they vote that they have not broken their Oaths, who is to be Judge?

Alph. There's one above.

Grill. I hope you mean in Heaven, or else you are a bolder Man than I am in Parliament-time; but here comes the Master and my Neice.

Alph. Heaven preserve him, if a Man may pray for him without Treason.

Grill. O yes, you may pray for him; the Preachers of the *Guise's* Side do that most formally; Nay, you may
be

The Duke of Guise.

71

be suffer'd civilly to drink his Health, be of the Court, and keep a Place of Profit under him: For, in short, 'tis a judg'd Case of Conscience, to make your best of the King, and to side against him.

Enter King and Marmoutier.

King. *Grillon*, be near me,
There's something for my Service to be done,
Your Orders will be sudden, now withdraw.

Grill. aside. Well, I dare trust my Neice, even tho' she comes of my own Family; but if she cuckolds my good Opinion of her Honesty, there's a whole Sex fall'n under a general Rule, without one Exception.

[*Exeunt Grill. and Alph.*]

Mar. You bid my Uncle wait you.

King. Yes.

Mar. This Hour.

King. I think it was.

Mar. Something of Moment hangs upon this Hour.

King. Not more on this, than on the next, and next,
My Time is all ta'en up on Usury;
I never am beforehand with my Hours,
But every one has Work before it comes.

Mar. There's something for my Service to be done,
Those were your Words.

King. And you desire their Meaning.

Mar. I dare not ask, and yet perhaps may guess.

King. 'Tis searching there where Heav'n can only pry,
Not Man, who knows not Man, but by surmise:
Nor Devils nor Angels of a purer Mould,
Can trace the winding Labyrinths of Thought.
I tell thee, *Marmoutier*, I never speak,
Not when alone, for fear some Fiend should hear,
And blab my Secrets out.

Mar. You hate the *Guise*.

King. True, I did hate him.

Mar. And you hate him still.

King. I am reconcil'd.

Mar.

Mar. Your Spirit is too high;
Great Souls forgive not Injuries, 'till Time
Has put their Enemies into their Power,
That they may shew Forgiveness is their own;
For else, 'tis fear to punish that forgives:
The Coward, not the King.

King. He has submitted.

Mar. In shew, for in effect he still insults.

King. Well, Kings must bear sometimes.

Mar. They must, 'till they can shake their Burden off,
And that's, I think, your Aim.

King. Mistaken still:

All Favours, all Preferments pass through them;
I'm pliant, and they mould me as they please.

Mar. These are your Arts to make them more secure,
Just so your Brother us'd the Admiral.

Brothers may think, and act like Brothers too.

King. What said you, ha! what mean you, *Marmoutier*?

Mar. Nay, what mean you? That Start betray'd you,

King. This is no Vigil of *St. Bartholomew*, (Sir,
Nor is *Blois Paris*.

Mar. 'Tis an open Town.

King. What then?

Mar. Where you are strongest.

King. Well, what then?

Mar. No more, but you have Power, and are provok'd.

King. O! thou hast set thy Foot upon a Snake,
Get quickly off, or it will sting thee dead.

Mar. Can I unknow it?

King. No, but keep it secret.

Mar. Think, Sir, your Thoughts are still as much your
As when you kept the Key of your own Breast: (own,
But since you let me in, I find it fill'd

With Death and Horror; you would murder *Guise*.

King. Murder! what Murder! use a softer Word,
And call it Sovereign Justice.

Mar. Wou'd I cou'd:

But Justice bears the godlike Shape of Law,
And Law requires Defence, an equal Plea
Betwixt th' Offender and the righteous Judge.

King.

King. Yes, when th' Offender can be judg'd by Law;
But when his Greatness overturns the Scales,
Then Kings are Justice in the last Appeal,
And forc'd by strong Necessity may strike:
In which indeed they assert the Publick Good,
And like sworn Surgeons, lop the gangeen'd Limb;
Unpleasant wholesome Work.

Mar. If this be needful.

King. Ha, didst not thou thy self, in fathoming
The Depth of my Designs, drop there the Plummets?
Didst thou not say, Affronts, so great, so publick,
I never could forgive?

Mar. I did, but yet——

King. What means but yet? 'Tis Evidence so full;
If the last Trumpet sounded in my Ears,
Undaunted I should meet the Saints half way;
And in the face of Heav'n maintain the Fact.

Mar. Maintain it then to Heav'n, but not to me:
Do you love me?

King. Can you doubt it?

Mar. Yes, I can doubt it, if you can deny:
Love begs once more this great Offender's Life:
Can you forgive the Man you justly hate,
That hazards both your Life and Crown to spare him?
One whom you may suspect I more than pity,
(For I wou'd have you see that what I ask,
I know is wond'rous difficult to grant)
Can you be thus extravagantly good?

King. What then? For I begin to fear my Firmness,
And doubt the soft Destruction of your Tongue.

Mar. Then in return, I swear to Heav'n, and you,
To give you all the Preference of my Soul:
No Rebel-Rival to disturb you there,
Let him but live, that he may be my Convert.

[*King walks a while, then wipes his Eyes, and speaks.*]

King. You've conquer'd, all that's past shall be for-
My lavish Love has made a lavish Grant: (giv'n,
But know this Act of Grace shall be my last.
Let him repent, yes, let him well repent,
Let him desist, and tempt Revenge no farther:

For by yon Heav'n, that's conscious of his Crimes,
I will no more by Mercy be betray'd.

[Deputies appearing at the Door.]

The Deputies are ent'ring. You must leave me :
Thus Tyrant Business all my Hours usurps,
And makes me live for others.

Mar. Now Heav'n reward you with a prosperous Reign,
And grant you never may be good in vain. *[Exit.]*

*Enter Deputies of the three States, Cardinal of Guise,
and Archbishop of Lyons at the Head of 'em.*

King. Well, my good Lords, what Matters of Im-
Employ'd the States this Morning? *(portance*

Archb. One high Point
Was warmly canvas'd in the Commons House,
And will be soon resolv'd.

King. What was't?

Card. Succession.

King. That's one high Point indeed, but not to be
So warmly canvas'd, or so soon resolv'd.

Card. Things necessary must sometimes be sudden.

King. No sudden Danger threatens you, my Lord.

Archb. What may be sudden, must be counted so :
We hope, and wish your Life ; but yours, and ours,
Are in the Hand of Heav'n.

King. My Lord, they are :
Yet in a natural Way I may live long,
If Heav'n and you my Loyal Subjects please.

Archb. But since good Princes, like your Majesty,
Take care of Dangers merely possible,
Which may concern their Subjects, whose they are,
And for whom Kings are made——

King. Yes, we for them,
And they for us, the Benefits are mutual,
And so the Ties are too.

Card. To cut things short,
The Commons will decree to exclude *Navarre*
From the Succession of the Realm of *France*.

King.

The Duke of Guise.

75

King. Decree, my Lord! What, one Estate decree!
Where then are the other two, and what am I?

'The Government is cast up somewhat short,

The Clergy and Nobility cashier'd,

Five hundred popular Figures on a row,

And I my self that am, or should be King,

An o'er-grown Cypher set before the Sum:

What Reasons urge our Sovereigns for th' Exclusion?

Archb. He stands suspected, Sir, of Heresy.

King. Has he been call'd to make his just Defence?

Card. That needs not, for 'tis known.

King. To whom?

Card. The Commons.

King. What is't those Gods the Commons do not
But Heresy, you Churchmen teach us Vulgar, (know?
Supposes obstinate, and still persisting
In Errors prov'd, long Admonitions made,
And all rejected; has this Course been us'd?

Archb. We grant it has not, but——

King. Nay, give me leave,

I urge from your own Grant it has not been:

If then in process of a petty Sum,

Both Parties having not been fully heard,

No Sentence can be giv'n;

Much less in the Succession of a Crown,

Which after my Decease, by Right inherent,

Devolves upon my Brother of *Navarre*.

Card. The Right of Souls is still to be preferr'd;
Religion must not suffer for a Claim.

King. If Kings may be excluded, or depos'd,
Whene'er you cry Religion to the Croud,
That Doctrine makes Rebellion orthodox,
And Subjects must be Traitors to be sav'd.

Archb. Then Heresy's entail'd upon the Throne.

King. You would entail Confusion, Wars and Slaughter.
Those Ills are certain, what you name contingent. (ters:
I know my Brother's Nature, 'tis sincere,
Above Deceit, no Crookedness of Thought,
Says what he means, and what he says, performs;
Brave, but not rash; successful, but not proud.

So much acknowledging, that he's uneasy,
Till every petty Service be o'er-paid.

Archb. Some say revengeful.

King. Some then libel him:

But that's what both of us have learnt to bear.
He can forgive, but you disdain Forgiveness:
Your Chiefs are they no Libel must profane:
Honour's a sacred thing in all but Kings;
But when your Rhymes assassinate our Fame,
You hug your nauseous, blund'ring Ballad-Wits,
And pay 'em as if Nonsense were a Merit,
If it can mean but Treason.

Archb. Sir, we have many Arguments to urge—

King. And I have more to answer; let 'em know
My Royal Brother of Navarre shall stand
Secure by Right, by Merit, and my Love.
God, and good Men will never fail his Cause,
And all the bad shall be constrain'd by Laws.

Archb. Since gentle Means t'exclude Navarre are
To-morrow in the States 'twill be propos'd, (vain,
To make the Duke of Guise Lieutenant-General;
Which Power most graciously confirm'd by you,
Will stop this headlong Torrent of Succession,
That bears Religion, Laws, and all before it:
In hope you'll not oppose what must be done,
We wish you, Sir, a long and prosperous Reign.

[*Excunt omnes but the King.*]

King. To-morrow Guise is made Lieutenant-General,
Why then to-morrow I no more am King;
'Tis time to push my slacken'd Vengeance home,
To be a King, or not to be at all.
The Vow that manacled my Rage is loos'd,
Even Heav'n is wearied with repeated Crimes,
Till Lightning flashes round to guard the Throne,
And the curb'd Thunder grumbles to be gone.

Enter Grillon to him.

Grill. 'Tis just the pointed Hour you bid me wait.

King.

The Duke of Guise.

77

King. So just, as if thou wert inspir'd to come ;
As if the Guardian Angel of my Throne,
Who had o'er-slept himself so many Years,
Just now was rous'd, and brought thee to my Rescue.

Grill. I hear the *Guise* will be Lieutenant-General.

King. And can'st thou suffer it ?

Grill. Nay, if you will suffer it, then well may I.
If Kings will be so civil to their Subjects, to give up all
things tamely, they first turn Rebels to themselves, and
that's a fair Example for their Friends ; 'flife, Sir, 'tis a
dangerous matter to be loyal on the wrong Side, to serve
my Prince in spite of him : if you'll be a Royalist your
self, there are Millions of honest Men will fight for you ;
but if you won't, there are few will hang for you.

King. No more : I am resolv'd.

The Course of things can be withheld no longer
From breaking forth to their appointed End :
My Vengeance, ripen'd in the Womb of Time,
Presses for Birth, and longs to be disclos'd.

Grillon, the *Guise* is doom'd—to sudden Death :

The Sword must end him ; has not thine an Edge ?

Grill. Yes, and a Point too ; I'll challenge him.

King. I bid thee kill him.

[*Walking.*

Grill. So I mean to do.

King. Without thy Hazard.

Grill. Now I understand you, I shou'd murder him :
I am your Soldier, Sir, but not your Hangman.

King. Dost thou not hate him ?

Grill. Yes.

King. Hast thou not said,
That he deserves it ?

Grill. Yes, but how have I
Deserv'd to do a Murder ?

King. 'Tis no Murder :

'Tis Sovereign Justice urg'd from Self-Defence.

Grill. 'Tis all confess'd, and yet I dare not do't.

King. Go, thou art a Coward.

Grill. You are my King.

King. Thou say'st thou dar'st not kill him.

The Duke of Guise.

Grill. Were I a Coward, I had been a Villain,
And then I durst ha' don't.

King. Thou hast done worse in thy long Course of
Hast thou ne'er kill'd a Man? (Arms,

Grill. Yes, when a Man wou'd have kill'd me.

King. Hast thou not plunder'd from the helpless Poor?
Snatch'd from the sweating Labourer his Food?

Grill. Sir, I have eaten and drunk in my own Defence,
When I was hungry and thirsty.

I have plunder'd,

When you have not paid me——

I have been content with a Farmer's Daughter,
When a better Whore was not to be had.

As for cutting off a Traitor, I'll execute him lawfully
In my own Function, when I meet him in the Field;
But for your Chamber-Practice, that's not my Talent.

King. Is my Revenge unjust, or tyrannous?
Heav'n knows, I love not Blood.

Grill. No, for your Mercy is your only Vice,
You may dispatch a Rebel lawfully;

But the Mischief is, that Rebel

Has giv'n me my Life at the Barricadoes,

And till I have return'd his Bribe,

I am not upon even Terms with him.

King. Give me thy Hand, I love thee not the worse.
Make much of Honour, 'tis a Soldier's Conscience.

Thou shalt not do this Act, thou'rt e'en too good;

But keep my Secret, for that's Conscience too.

Grill. When I disclose it, think I am a Coward.

King. No more of that, I know thou art not one;
Call *Lognat* hither strait, and *St. Malin*;

Bid *Larchant* find some unsuspected Means

To keep Guards doubled at the Council-Door,

That none pass in or out, but those I call:

The rest I'll think on further, so farewell.

Grill. Heav'n bless your Majesty!

Tho' I'll not kill him for you, I'll defend you when he's
For the honest Part of the Job, let me alone. (kill'd;

[*Exeunt severally.*

The SCENE opens, and discovers Men and Women at a Banquet, Malicorn standing by.

Mal. This is the solemn annual Feast I keep,
As this day Twelve Years, on this very Hour
I sign'd the Contract for my Soul with Hell;
I barter'd it for Honours, Wealth, and Pleasure,
Three things which mortal Men do covet most.
And, faith, I over-sold it to the Fiend:
What, one and twenty Years, nine yet to come,
How can a Soul be worth so much to Devils?
O how I hug myself, to out-wit these Fools of Hell!
And yet a sudden Damp, I know not why,
Has seiz'd my Spirits, and like a heavy Weight
Hangs on their active Springs: I want a Song
To rouze me, my Blood freezes: Musick there!

A SONG and Dance.

Shepherdes. Tell me, Thirsis, tell your Anguish,
Why you sigh, and why you languish,
When the Nymph whom you adore,
Grants the Blessing of possessing,
What can Love and I do more?

Shepherd. Think it's Love beyond all measure,
Makes me faint away with Pleasure;
Strength of Cordial may destroy,
And the Blessing of possessing
Kills me with excess of Joy.

Shepherdes. Thirsis, how can I believe you?
But confess, and I'll forgive you:
Men are false, and so are you;
Never Nature fram'd a Creature
To enjoy, and yet be true.

Shepherd. Mine's a Flame beyond expiring,
Still possessing, still desiring,

The Duke of Guise.

*Fit for Love's Imperial Crown;
Ever shining and refining,
Still the more 'tis melted down.*

[Loud knocking at the Door.

Enter Servant.

Mal. What Noise is that?

Serv. An ill-look'd surly Man,
With a hoarse Voice, says he must speak with you.

Mal. Tell him I dedicate this Day to Pleasure,
I neither have, nor will have Business with him. [*Ex. Serv.*
What louder yet, what saucy Slave is this? [*Knocks louder.*

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. He says you have, and must have Business with
him;
Come out, or he'll come in, and spoil your Mirth.

Mal. I won't.

Serv. Sir, I dare not tell him so.

[*Knocks again more fiercely.*
*My Hair stands up in Bristles when I see him;
The Dogs run into Corners; the Spay'd-Bitch
Bayes at his Back and howls.*

Mal. Bid him enter, and go off thyself. [*Ex. Serv.*
[*Scene closes upon the Company.*

*Enter Melanax, an Hour-Glass in his Hand almost
empty.*

How dar'st thou interrupt my softer Hours?
By Heav'n I'll ram thee in some knotted Oak,
Where thou shalt sigh and groan to whistling Winds:
Upon the lonely Plain; or I'll confine thee
Deep in the red Sea, grov'ling on the Sands,
Ten thousand Billows rolling o'er thy Head.

Mel. Ho, ho, ho.

Mal. Laugh'st thou, malicious Fiend?
I'll ope my Book of bloody Characters,
Shall rumple up thy tender airy Limbs,

Like

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Like Parchment on a Flame.

Mel. Thou can'st not do't,
Behold this Hour-Glass.

Mal. Well, and what of that ?

Mel. See'st thou these ebbing Sands ?

They run for thee, and when their Race is run,
Thy Lungs, the Bellows of thy mortal Breath,
Shall sink for ever done, and heave no more.

Mal. What, resty Fiend ?

Nine Years thou hast to serve.

Mel. Not full nine Minutes.

Mal. Thou ly'st, look on thy Bond, and view the Date.

Mel. Then wilt thou stand to that, without Appeal ?

Mal. I will, so help me Heav'n.

Mel. So take thee Hell. [*Gives him the Bond.*]

There, Fool, behold who lyes, the Devil or thou ?

Mal. Ha ! One and twenty Years are shrunk to twelve.
Do my Eyes dazzle ?

Mel. No, they see too true :

They dazzled once, I cast a Mist before 'em ;
So what was figur'd Twelve, to thy dull Sight
Appear'd full Twenty-one.

Mal. There's Equity in Heav'n for this ; a Cheat !

Mel. Fool, thou hast quitted thy Appeal to Heav'n,
To stand to this.

Mal. Then I am lost for ever.

Mel. Thou art.

Mal. O why was I not warn'd before ?

Mel. Yes, to repent, then thou hadst cheated me.

Mal. Add but a Day, but half a Day, an Hour :
For sixty Minutes I'll forgive Nine Years.

Mel. No, not a Moment's Thought beyond my time.
Dispatch, 'tis much below me to attend
For one poor single Fare.

Mal. So pitiless ?

But yet I may command thee, and I will :
I love the *Guise*, even with my latest Breath,
Beyond my Soul, and my lost Hopes of Heav'n ;
I charge thee by my short-liv'd Power, disclose
What Fate attends my Master.

Mel. If he goes
To Council when he next is call'd, he dies.

Mal. Who waits?

Enter Servant.

Go, give my Lord my last Adieu,
Say I shall never see his Eyes again:
But if he goes when next he's call'd to Council,
Bid him believe my latest Breath, he dies. [*Exit Servant.*]
The Sands run yet, O do not shake the Glass:

[*The Devil shakes the Glass.*]

I shall be thine too soon; could I repent,
Heav'n's not confin'd to Moments; Mercy, Mercy.

Mel. I see thy Prayers dispers'd into the Winds,
And Heav'n has puff'd 'em by:
I was an Angel once, of foremost Rank,
Stood next the shining Throne, and wink'd but half;
So almost gaz'd I Glory in the Face
That I could bear it, and star'd farther in.
'Twas but a Moment's Pride, and yet I fell,
For ever fell; but Man, base Earth-born Man,
Sins past a Sum, and might be pardon'd more:
And yet 'tis just, for we were perfect Light,
And saw our Crimes; Man in his Body's Mire,
Half-soul, half-clod, sinks blindful into Sin,
Betray'd by Frauds without, and Lusts within.

Mal. Then I have hope.

Mel. Not so, I preach'd on purpose
To make thee lose this Moment of thy Prayer,
Thy Sands creep low; Despair, Despair, Despair.

Mal. Where am I now? Upon the Brink of Life,
The Gulph before me, Devils to push me on,
And Heav'n behind me closing all its Doors.
A thousand Years for ev'ry Hour I've pass'd,
O could I 'scape so cheap! But Ever, Ever,
Still to begin an endless round of Woes,
To be renew'd for Pains, and last for Hell?
Yet can Pains last, when Bodies cannot last?
Can earthy Substance endless Flames endure?

Or

The Duke of Guise.

83

Or when one Body wears and flits away,
Do Souls thrust forth another Crust of Clay?
To fence and guard their tender Forms from Fire—
I feel my Heart-strings rend, I'm here, I'm gone.
Thus Men, too careless of their future State,
Dispute, know nothing, and believe too late.

[A Flash of Lightning, they sink together.]

Enter Duke of Guise, Cardinal, Aumale.

Card. A dreadful Message from a dying Man,
A Prophecy indeed!
For Souls just quitting Earth, peep into Heaven,
Make swift Acquaintance with their Kindred Forms,
And Partners of immortal Secrets grow.

Aum. 'Tis good to lean on the securer side:
When Life depends, the mighty Stake is such,
Fools fear too little, and they dare too much.

Enter Archbishop.

Gui. You have prevail'd, I will not go to Council,
I have provok'd my Sovereign past a Pardon,
It but remains to doubt if he dare kill me:
Then if he dares but to be just, I die:
'Tis too much odds against me, I'll depart,
And finish Greatness at some safer time.

Archb. By Heav'n 'tis Harry's Plot to fright you hence,
That, Coward-like, you might forsake your Friends.

Gui. The Devil foretold it dying *Malicorn*.

Archb. Yes, some Court-Devil, no doubt:
If you depart, consider, good my Lord,
You are the Master-spring that moves our Fabrick,
Which once remov'd, our Motion is no more.
Without your Presence, which buoys up our Hearts,
The League will sink beneath a Royal Name:
Th' inevitable Yoke prepar'd for Kings,
Will soon be shaken off; things done, repeal'd;
And things undone, past future Means to do.

Card. I know not, I begin to taste his Reasons.

Archb.

The Duke of Guise.

Archb. Nay, were the Danger certain of your Stay,
 An Act so mean would lose you all your Friends,
 And leave you single to the Tyrant's Rage :
 Then better 'tis to hazard Life alone,
 Than Life, and Friends, and Reputation too.

Gui. Since more I am confirm'd, I'll stand the shock :
 Where-e'er he dares to call, I dare to go.
 My Friends are many, faithful, and united ;
 He will not venture on so rash a Deed :
 And now I wonder I should fear that Force,
 Which I have us'd to conquer and contemn.

Enter Marmoutier.

Archb. Your Tempter comes, perhaps to turn the
 And warn you not to go. (Scale,

Gui. O fear her not,
 I will be there. [*Exeunt Archbishop and Cardinal.*
 What can she mean, Repent ?
 Or is it cast betwixt the King and her
 To found me ? Come what will, it warms my Heart
 With secret Joy, which these my ominous Statesmen
 Left dead within me. Ha ! she turns away !

Mar. Do you not wonder at this Visit, Sir ?

Gui. No, Madam, I at last have gain'd the Point
 Of mightiest Minds, to wonder now at nothing.

Mar. Believe me, *Guise*, 'twere gallantly resolv'd,
 If you could carry't on the Inside too.
 Why came that Sigh uncall'd ? For love of me
 Partly, perhaps, but more for thirst of Glory,
 Which now again dilates itself in Smiles,
 As if you scorn'd that I should know your purpose.

Gui. I change, 'tis true, because I love you still ;
 Love you, O Heav'n, e'en in my own Despite,
 I tell you all, e'en at that very Moment,
 I know you straight betray me to the King.

Mar. O *Guise*, I never did ; but, Sir, I come
 To tell you, I must never see you more.

Gui.

THE
DRAMATICK
WORKS

OF

Mr. *Nathanael Lee.*

VOLUME the SECOND.

CONTAINING

MITHRIDATES,		CONSTANTINE
King of <i>Pontus.</i>		the GREAT.
CÆSAR BORGIA.		DUKE of GUISE.



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MDCCXXXIV.

THE
DRAMATICK
WORKS

OF
MR. JOHN DRYDEN

IN
SEVEN VOLUMES

WITH
A
CRITICAL
AND
HISTORICAL
COMMENTARY



LONDON

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1719.

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The Duke of Guise.

85

Gui. The King's at *Blois*, and you have reason for't;
Therefore what am I to expect from Pity,
From yours, I mean, when you behold me slain?

Mar. First answer me, and then I'll speak my Heart:
Have you, O *Guise*, since your last solemn Oaths,
Stood firm to what you swore? Be plain, my Lord,
Or run it o'er a while, because again
I tell you I must never see you more.

Gui. Never! she's set on by the King to sift me.
Why, by that Never then, all I have sworn
Is true, as that the King designs to end me.

Mar. Keep your Obedience, by the Saints you live.

Gui. Then mark, 'tis judg'd by Heads grown white
This very Day he means to cut me off: (in Council,

Mar. By Heaven, then you're forsworn, you've broke
your Vows.

Gui. —By you, the Justice of the Earth, I have not.

Mar. By you, Dissembler of the World, you have;
I know the King.

Gui. —I do believe you, Madam.

Mar. —I have try'd you both.

Gui. —Not me, the King you mean.

Mar. —Do these o'erboiling Answers suit the *Guise*?

But go to Council, Sir, there shew your Truth,

If you are innocent, you're safe; but O!

If I should chance to see you stretch'd along,

Your Love, O *Guise*, and your Ambition gone,

That venerable Aspect, pale with Death,

I must conclude you merited your End. (der.

Gui. —You must, you will, and smile upon my Mur-

Mar. Therefore, if you are conscious of a Breach,
Confess it to me, lead me to the King,
He has promis'd me to conquer his Revenge,

And place you next him; therefore if you're right,

Make me not fear it by Asseverations:

But speak your Heart, and O resolve me truly.

Gui. —Madam, I ha' thought, and trust you with
my Soul;

You saw but now my parting with my Brother,

The

The Prelate too of *Lyons*, 'twas debated
Warmly against me, that I should go on.

Mar. Did I not tell you, Sir?

Gui. True, but in spite
Of those imperial Arguments they urg'd,
I was not to be work'd from second Thought;
There we broke off; and mark me, if I live,
You are the Saint that makes a Convert of me.

Mar. Go then, O Heav'n! why must I still suspect you?
Why heaves my Heart? and why o'erflows my Eyes?
Yet if you live, O *Guise*, there, there's the Cause,
I never shall converse, nor see you more.

Gui. O say not so, for once again I'll see you,
Were you this very Night to lodge with Angels,
Yet say not never; for I hope by Virtue
To merit Heav'n, and wed you late in Glory.

Mar. This Night, my Lord, I'm a Recluse for ever.

Gui. Ha! Stay till Morning, Tapers are too dim;
Stay 'till the Sun rises to salute you;
Stay 'till I lead you to that dismal Den
Of Virgins, buried quick, and stay for ever.

Mar. Alas! your Suit is vain, for I have vow'd it:
Nor was there any other way to clear
Th' imputed Stains of my suspected Honour.

Gui. Hear me a Word, one Sigh, one Tear at parting,
And one last Look; for, O my earthly Saint,
I see your Face, pale as the Cherubims
At *Adam's* Fall,

Mar. O Heav'n! I now confess
My Heart bleeds for thee, *Guise*.

Gui. Why, Madam, why?

Mar. Because by this Disorder,
And that sad Fate that bodes upon your Brow,
I do believe you love me more than Glory.

Gui. Without an Oath I do, therefore have Mercy,
And think not Death could make me tremble thus:
Be pitiful to those Infirmities
Which thus unman me, stay 'till the Council's o'er
If you are pleas'd to grant an Hour or two
To my last Prayer, I'll thank you as my Saint;

The Duke of Guise.

87

If you refuse me, Madam, Ill not murmur.

Mar. Alas, my *Guise*! O Heav'n what did I say?
But take it, take it, if it be too kind,
Honour may pardon it, since it's my last.

Gui. O let me crawl, vile as I am, and kiss
Your sacred Robe. Is't possible, your Hand!

[*She gives him her Hand.*]

O that it were my last expiring Moment,
For I shall never taste the like again.

Mar. Farewel, my Profelyte, your better Genius
Watch your Ambition.

Gui. I have none but you;
Must I ne'er see you more?

Mar. I have sworn you must not:
Which Thought thus-roots me here, melts my Resolves,
[*Weeps.*]

And makes me loiter when the Angels call me,

Gui. O ye celestial Dews! O Paradise!
O Heav'n! O Joys! ne'er to be tasted more.

Mar. Nay, take a little more, cold *Marmoutier*,
The temperate, devoted *Marmoutier*
Is gone, a last Embrace I must bequeath you.

Gui. And O let me return it with another.

Mar. Farewel for ever; ah, *Guise*, tho' now we part,
In the bright Orbs prepar'd us by our Fates,
Our Souls shall meet,—Farewel,—and *Io's* sing above,
Where no Ambition, nor State-Crime, the happier
Spirits prove,
But all are blest, and all enjoy an everlasting Love.

[*Exit Mar.*]

Guise solus.

Gui. Glory, where art thou? Fame, Revenge, Ambition,
Where are they fled? There's Ice upon my Nerves:
My Salt, my Metal, and my Spirits gone,
Pall'd as a Slave that's bed-rid with an Ague,
I wish my Flesh were off: What now! thou bleed'st!
Three and no more! What then? and why what then?
But just three Drops! and why not just three Drops,
As well as four or five, or five and twenty?

Enter

Enter Page.

Page. My Lord, your Brother and the Archbishop wait you.

Gui. I come : down Devil, ha! must I stumble too?
 Away ye Dreams: what if I thunder'd now?
 Or if a Raven cross'd me in my way?
 Or now it comes, because last Night I dreamt
 The Council-Hall was hung with Crimson round,
 And all the Cieling plaister'd o'er with Black.
 No more, blue Fires, and ye dull rolling Lakes,
 Fathomless Caves, ye Dungeons of old Night,
 Fantoms be gone; if I must die, I'll fall
 True Politician, and defy you all.

SCENE *the Court before the Council-Hall.*

Grillon, Larchant, Soldiers plac'd, People crouding.

Grill. Are your Guards doubled, Captain?

Larch. Sir, they are.

Grill. When the *Guise* comes, remember your Petition,
 Make way there for his Eminence: Give back,
 Your Eminence comes late.

*Enter two Cardinals, Counsellors, the Cardinal of Guise,
 Archbishop of Lyons; last, the Guise.*

Gui. Well, Colonel, are we Friends?

Grill. Faith, I think not.

Gui. Give me your Hand.

Grill. No, for that gives a Heart.

Gui. Yet we shall clasp in Heav'n.

Grill. By Heav'n we shall not,
 Unless it be with Gripes.

Gui. True *Grillon*, still.

Larch. My Lord.

Gui.

The Duke of Guise.

89

Gui. Ha, Captain, you are well attended;
If I mistake not, Sir, your Number's doubled.

Larch. All these have serv'd against the Hereticks,
And therefore beg your Grace you would remember
Their Wounds and lost Arrears.

Gui. It shall be done.
Again, my Heart, there is a Weight upon thee,
But I will figh it off: Captain, farewell.

[*Exeunt* Cardinal, Guise, &c.]

Grill. Shut the Hall-door, and bar the Castle-Gates:
March, march there, closer yet, Captain, to the Door.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE *The Council-Hall.*

Gui. I do not like myself to-day.

Archb. ——— A Qualm, he dares not.

Card. ——— That's one Man's Thought; he dares,
and that's another's.

Enter Grillon.

Gui. O *Marmoutier*! Ha, never see thee more!
Peace, my tumultuous Heart, why jolt my Spirits
In this unequal circling of my Blood?
I'll stand it while I may; O mighty Nature!
Why this Alarm, why dost thou call me on
To fight, yet rob my Limbs of all their use? (*Swoons.*)

Card. Ha! he's fallen, chase him: he comes again.

Gui. I beg your Pardons, Vapours, no more.

Grill. Th' Effect
Of last Night's Letchery with some working Whore.

Enter Revol.

Rev. My Lord of *Guise*, the King would speak with

Gui. O Cardinal! O *Lyons*! but no more; (you.
Yes, one Word more, thou hast a Privilege

Gui. [To the Cardinal.
To speak with a Recluse, O therefore tell her,

I

The Duke of Guise.

If never thou beholdst me breathe again,
Tell her I sigh'd it last,—O *Marmoutier*. [*Exit bowing.*]

Card. You will have all things your own way, my Lord;
By Heav'n, I have strange Horror on my Soul.

Archb. I say again, that *Henry* dares not do't.

Card. Beware your Grace of Minds that bear like him,
I know he scorns to stoop to mean Revenge;
But when some mightier Mischief shocks his Tower,
He shoots at once, with Thunder on his Wings.
And makes it Air; but hark, my Lord, 'tis doing.

Gui. within] Murderers, Villains!

Archb. I hear your Brother's Voice; run to the Door.

Card. Help, help, the *Guise* is murder'd.

Archb. Help, help.

Grill. Cease your vain Cries, you are the King's Pri-
Take 'em, *Dugast*, into your Custody. (ioners;

Card. We must obey, my Lord, for Heaven calls us.
[*Exeunt.*]

The SCENE draws, behind it a Traverse.

*The Guise is assaulted by Eight: they stab him in all
Parts, but most in the Head.*

Gui. O Villains! Hell-hounds! Hold:
Murder'd, O basely, and not draw my Sword!

[*Half draws his Sword; is held.*]

Dog, Logniack; but my own Blood choaks me,
Down, Villain, down, I'm gone: O *Marmoutier*!

[*Flings himself upon him—Dies.*]

*The Traverse is drawn. The King rises from his Chair,
comes forward with his Cabinet Council.*

King. Ope the Closet, and let in the Council,
Bid *Dugast* execute the Cardinal,
Seize all the factious Leaders, as I order'd,
And every one be answer'd on your Lives.

Enter

The Duke of Guise.

91

Enter Queen-Mother, follow'd by the Counsellors.

Oh, Madam, you are welcome, how goes your Health?

Q. M. A little mended, Sir: what have you done?

King. That which has made me King of *France*, for
The King of *Paris* at your Feet lies dead. (there

Q. M. You have cut out dangerous Work, but make
With Speed and Resolution. (it up

King. Yes, I'll wear

The Fox no longer, but put on the Lyon;
And since I could resolve to take the Heads
Of this great Insurrection, you the Members
Look to't, beware, turn from your Stubbornness,
And learn to know me, for I will be King.

Grill. 'Sdeath, how the Traitors lowr, and quake,
and droop,

And gather to the Wing of his Protection,
As if they were his Friends, and fought his Cause.

King. Be witness, Heav'n, I gave him treble Warning;
[*Looking upon Guise.*

He's gone; no more, disperse, and think upon't,
Beware my Sword, which if I once unsheath,
By all the Reverence due to Thrones and Crowns,
Nought shall atone the Vows of speedy Justice,
Till Fate to Ruin every Traitor brings,
That dares the Vengeance of indulgent Kings.

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Second Volume.





